

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 955



MARCH 17, 1833

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

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*By Post Ninepence Halfpenny*



THE DEATH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR  
PRINCE BISMARCK ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF "HIS MASTER" IN THE REICHSTAG, BERLIN  
*From a Sketch by our Special Artist at Berlin*



## Topics of the Week

**THE LATE KAISER.**—There can be no doubt as to the sincerity of the mourning for the late Kaiser in Germany. It has all the marks of genuineness, and, indeed, it is not surprising that the Germans should feel deeply the loss of an Emperor so intimately associated with one of the greatest of their national epochs. In innumerable articles which have been written about him, he has received perhaps rather more than his full share of the credit which belongs to him for the wonderful events of his reign. It is certain that, if Prince Bismarck had not been his chief Minister, he would never have ploughed his name as he did into the world's history. Bismarck—and Bismarck alone—conceived the gigantic schemes by which Germany was to be transformed; and to him chiefly, no doubt, the honour will in the end be given. Still, even Bismarck could have achieved nothing without the sanction of his "Master." The late Sovereign, if not himself a man of genius, recognised genius in others, and he had the courage and steadfastness never lightly to withdraw his confidence from those who had once fairly won it. At one time Bismarck was by far the most unpopular man in Germany, but the King declined to be swayed by clamour, holding fast by the belief that even the mob would ultimately have clearer vision. On this ground alone, if on no other, he would deserve the enduring gratitude of his people, but he had many other solid claims to the reverence in which his memory is held. The Prussian army, with which Moltke gave such splendid effect to Bismarck's ideas, owed its organisation and strength mainly to the King's energy and foresight; and it must not be forgotten that he was at all times an eager supporter of well-considered legislation for the benefit of the poorest and most neglected classes of the community. Few Monarchs have been endowed with truer dignity of character. There was not a touch of affectation in his manner, and, while health lasted, he worked as hard and as steadily as any day labourer in his dominions. The Germans felt all this strongly in his lifetime, and it would have been strange if they had not been deeply stirred by the death of so good a man and so wise a ruler.

**THE NEW KAISER.**—In almost all respects the character of the new Kaiser differs widely from that of his father. The Emperor William was above all things a soldier. He was indifferent to what is called culture; he had very old-fashioned notions as to the rights of crowned heads; and his piety, although sincere and deep, was of a somewhat narrow type. The Emperor Frederick has given proof that he also is a good soldier, but the military impulse is by no means the predominant quality of his mind. He is a man of wide reading, has devoted much attention to art, and is remarkable for the liberality of his opinions with regard both to theology and politics. He mounts the throne under peculiarly sad circumstances. In imagination all the world accompanied him with sympathy in his trying journey from San Remo to Berlin, and every one has since looked eagerly for the latest items of intelligence as to his condition. Even now it is not publicly known whether or not he is suffering from a mortal malady. The worst is feared, but some hope may be derived from the fact that his appearance seems to have impressed favourably those who have seen him since his return. If he recovers, we may confidently expect that he will discharge his great duties not less worthily than the late Kaiser, although in a wholly different way. It would be unreasonable to suppose that during his reign there will be any essential constitutional changes. Surrounded by watchful and jealous rivals, Germany cannot afford to waste her strength in making hazardous experiments in the art of government. But the Emperor Frederick will at least do nothing to hinder legitimate constitutional development, and it may be in his power to prepare the way for important reforms which new conditions will render necessary. We in England have every reason to wish that he may have a long and prosperous reign, for it is known that he shares his wife's desire for the establishment of the most intimate and cordial relations between Germany and Great Britain.

**GERMANY TRANSFORMED.**—The tidings of the Kaiser's death produced a profound impression all over the world. Flags were lowered at Melbourne, New York, and Calcutta, and from every part of the globe messages of condolence poured into Berlin. At first sight it seems strange that mankind should have been deeply moved by the death of an old man of ninety-one. That the Germans should have mourned for him was natural, but why was their feeling shared by the people of every civilised land? The fact cannot be explained by reference to the Emperor's personal character, for we may be sure that if he had died without having fought the battles of Sadowa and Sedan the event would have attracted little notice beyond the Prussian frontiers. In England we should have glanced at a leading article or two about him, and thought no more about the matter. The truth is that since the conclusion of the Treaty of Frankfurt the world has never been forced by any very striking fact to reflect on the extraordinary character of the changes of which that Treaty was the seal and symbol. Austria had been struck down; France had been humiliated; Germany had leapt to the

front rank among the nations, with the King of Prussia as the head of her armies and her Emperor. This meant nothing less than a complete shifting of the balance of power. Paris had regarded herself as the political centre of the Continent; she had now to take a place subordinate to that of Berlin. Many a politician solemnly prophesied that the new Empire would not last long, but events have proved that it is based on a deep and solid foundation, and that its supremacy will not be easily shaken. The death of the Emperor suddenly brought home to men's minds the incalculable importance of the work he had achieved, and it is chiefly this, no doubt, that must be held to account for the widespread feeling that was aroused. It is probable that the greatness of Germany's position will henceforth be far more vividly realised than it has been at any time since King William was proclaimed Emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

**GERMANY'S FOREIGN RELATIONS.**—There has been much speculation as to the changes to which the Kaiser's death may lead in the foreign relations of Germany. We may doubt, however, whether it will lead to any change whatever. Under Prince Bismarck's masterly control the foreign policy of Germany has never been influenced by whim or caprice. It has been regulated strictly in accordance with the Chancellor's estimate of the facts of European politics. It is conceivable, of course, that the Emperor Frederick, unlike his father, might reject Prince Bismarck's conception of the tendencies of events; but there is not a shred of evidence that he actually does so. He has taken pains to show that the great Minister has his full confidence, and we may be sure that in doing this he has been thinking chiefly of Germany's relations to her neighbours and rivals. That the Triple Alliance is secure there can be little doubt; for it has sprung, not from sentiment, but from a determination on the part of the Allies to defend vital and far-reaching common interests. This does not mean that Germany has the faintest wish to irritate France. As long as the French are pacific the Germans will be only too glad to cultivate good relations with them. Still less does the Triple Alliance mean that Germany has any hostile feeling to Russia. We often hear that there is an innate antagonism between Slav and Teuton; but Prince Bismarck has never given the slightest countenance to wild nonsense of this kind. He sees, and has always seen, that it is of the highest importance for his country to be on friendly terms with Russia; and during the last few weeks he has proved, by his action with regard to Bulgaria, that he is willing to do much to oblige the Czar. Nothing in the career of the Emperor Frederick, while he was Crown Prince, indicated that he differed from these views; and for all Europe it would be a misfortune if he did differ from them. Russia would be much more likely to pursue a sound and peaceful policy if she always had a good understanding with Germany than if she stood aloof in bitter isolation.

**THE CONVERSION OF CONSOLS.**—Never was the doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number better exemplified than in the conversion of the sweetly simple Three per Cents. into the neither sweet nor simple Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cents. The cleverness of Mr. Goschen's scheme is beyond dispute; we can credit the rumour that a little sigh proceeded from Mr. Gladstone as he heard it expounded with a lucidity and force which he himself could not have surpassed. Equally beyond controversy is the proposition that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was bound to make a resolute effort to reduce the interest-charge on the National Debt. All the circumstances of the time went to show that the endeavour would have a more than fair chance of success, and the custodian of the national purse would have failed in his duty had he allowed the opportunity to slip by. Yet who can think of the suffering caused by this financial readjustment without almost wishing that some humdrum and timid politician had filled Mr. Goschen's place? Not only are the victims numerous, but they belong to a class which, of all others, is the least capable of helping itself out of a cleft-stick. The poor feckless creatures who derive all their limited incomes from trust funds invested in the Three per Cents. have no interest whatever in the continuous appreciation of Consols. It mattered nothing to them whether this security stood at 90, or 95, or 100. Their dividends remained unaffected by "corners" and "booms," and all the other mysterious operations known to the Stock Exchange speculator. That was their one source of comfort; three per cent. was a poor rate, but look at the absolute safety of the investment! And now this absolutely safe investment suddenly parts with one-sixth of its money-earning power, and is, consequently, of one-sixth less value to those who have only a life interest in it. But, from a national standpoint, the conversion presents a very different aspect. Should all go well, the interest-charge will be eventually diminished by nearly three millions per annum, practically representing a reduction of the National Debt by about a hundred millions. It would be really lovely to think of were it not for the forlorn folks whose erst narrow circumstances will become narrower than ever.

**INDIA IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.**—There was a time, within the memory of man, when the announcement of an Indian debate caused the majority of members to fly from the House, leaving the discussion to be carried on by a body of veteran Qui-hys, aided by Mr. Bright and one or two other amateur enthusiasts. But now India has in various ways

come to the front. Indian students are familiar figures in our medical colleges and law-courts; natives of India have contested English constituencies; there is a native vernacular Press, which, like its Irish analogue, is not so loyal as it might be; while, lastly, "quite a number" of new M.P.s have made India the scene of a winter tour. So that nowadays an Indian debate arouses more attention, or, at least, causes less apathy, than was formerly the case. In the discussion of Tuesday night Mr. Slagg was apparently induced by the alliterative attractiveness of gin and Jingo to mix up two such apparently incongruous subjects as our frontier policy in India and the increasing consumption of alcohol by the natives. Of course a connection does exist, as it did in the case of Tenterden steeple and the Goodwin Sands cited by Sir Thomas More. If we were not so suspicious of Russia on our northern frontier our military expenditure could be lessened, new forms of taxation would not be sought after, and our officials would view with less satisfaction the multiplication of spirit licences. Sir Richard Temple's arguments on the other side are not very convincing. Nobody supposes that alcohol drinking came into India with the British *raj*, but it has undeniably increased under our sway, and experience elsewhere proves that Governments are loth to discourage the sale of articles which yield a large revenue, even if their consumption may not be conducive to the public welfare. The licensed victuallers of this country, for instance, would hold a much less important political position than they do if the commodities in which they deal were untaxed. The upshot of the whole business is that, as our own system of Government grows more democratic, it becomes increasingly difficult to rule India despotically. Already there is a demand, which the Commission lately sitting is inclined partially to grant, for putting natives on more equal terms with white men in the Civil Service. As for taxation, if the natives were free to do what they pleased, they would quickly knock off the salt tax and reimpose the import charge on Lancashire piece-goods. But, after all, these are small matters. There is, however, a point at which, as even the most ardent Radical will admit, concession must stop. The natives are not fit for self-government. Self-government implies a power of self-defence. At present the inhabitants of India are not a nation, they are a collection of nations. If we left them to themselves, the stronger, as in former times, would speedily overcome the weaker. Ultimately, Russia, or some other civilised Power, would step in; and the natives, after enduring unspeakable misery, would find themselves with far less liberty than they now enjoy.

**LORD SALISBURY ON PROTECTION.**—It is well for many reasons that the British farmer should be convinced—if anything will convince him on the point—that he might as well cry for the moon as hope for the imposition of an import duty on foreign corn. There have been some who have whispered in his ear that, although Lord Salisbury spoke in ambiguous accents on the subject, he secretly cherished a yearning for Protection. But, after his very plain and emphatic utterance last Monday night, the Premier stands forth not only as a convert to, but as a sworn champion of, unrestricted trade in bread-stuffs. Let Mr. Howard Vincent twist the speech as he may, he will surely find in it as strong a denunciation of Protection as could have proceeded from Mr. Bright himself. Any attempt to restore that system would, he declares, precipitate civil war, or something like it, and even, therefore, if it were demonstrated that farming prospers better under Protection than under Free Trade, Lord Salisbury would refuse to put back the hands of the clock. But where is the proof that the alleged specific for agricultural distress would effect a cure? History tells that when foreign corn was taxed the farming interest had anything but a good time of it. But we need not go back to that remote period for facts calling in question the soundness of the theory that Protection would set our farmers on their legs again. In many countries where it exists the agricultural industry is quite as hard driven as it is here. But whether it would be beneficial or not, that system will never be restored until the whole nation clamours and struggles for it as in the case of Free Trade. The most the Government can do is to reduce the financial burdens which unfairly press on the agricultural industry. Beyond that, Ministerial power does not extend, and our farmers would act wisely, therefore, to abandon once for all their Protectionist delusions, and to devote their energies to opening more direct relations with consumers.

**WOMAN'S SOCIAL PROGRESS.**—Whether it be called progress or the reverse, women occupy a very different position now to that which they occupied a century, or even forty years ago. As Mrs. Fawcett justly observed in her interesting lecture at Toynbee Hall, mechanical discoveries are at the bottom of this revolution. Numbers of processes which used to be done at home by the hands of the female members of each family are now done in shops and factories. Consequently many women have had to follow their work, and, instead of earning their livelihood in the houses of their relatives, have sought employment with strangers. The change has wonderfully stimulated their sense of independence, and it has also compelled them to face the fact that in many cases they have no longer as formerly a man to whom they can rightfully look for shelter and subsistence. Hence the great educational development of late years, Colleges



like Girton and Newnham, Oxford and Cambridge examinations. It can only be in a very few cases that girls repair to these establishments, and go through a lot of intellectual drudgery, through genuine enthusiasm for learning. Their real motive, nine times out of ten, is to qualify themselves for various fairly-remunerated employments, especially the profession of teaching. It is only fair to say that the average governess of the present day is usually a better-taught personage than her predecessor of a generation ago, who, however attractive her moral and social qualities might be, was, as regards learning, often little better than a smatterer. To return to where we began. Is the movement, which Mrs. Fawcett regards with such complacency, really in the direction of progress? Whether it is so or not, it is certainly inevitable. We can no more return to the old domestic life of fifty or a hundred years back than we can replace the spinning-jenny by the spinning-wheel. Each phase of existence, without doubt, has excellences and also defects of its own. One consolation remains. In all its main features, human nature, especially female human nature, is very conservative. In the old days, when girl-graduates were unknown, and when there were no post-office clerks in petticoats, young women were, with comparatively few exceptions, very charming creatures. And we venture to think that they have been much less spoiled by modern developments than a pessimist might have prophesied, and that they still remain what their mothers and aunts were in the days gone by.

**NAVAL DEFENCE.**—Lord Charles Beresford is a most gallant sea-dog; none more gallant can be found in the British Navy. But as a politician—we dare not say a statesman—he has yet to make his mark. His long-prepared attack on the Admiralty had the characteristics of a damp squib. It fizzed and sputtered and made a tremendous smoke, but left behind it a prevailing sense of disappointment. Is it really impossible to convince naval and military intellects that the public mind is quite made up as to the necessity of placing the combatant Services under Parliamentary control? We had thought that this point was permanently settled by the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament. A sort of curious madness seems to come over the Services whenever a Conservative Ministry is in office; they appear to think that, although it may remain as firm as adamant against all other attacks, it will succumb at once to their assaults. Perhaps there may have been some reason for this belief in former times; the generals and the admirals, the captains and the colonels frequently managed to inflate the estimates by shrieking "The country is in danger!" The present Government deserves all possible credit for remaining deaf to that stale cry. Nor did Lord Salisbury's nerve give way, or Mr. Smith's cheek blanch, on learning that between 170 and 180 of their military and naval supporters in the House of Commons had sworn by their gods to put a stop to "cheese-paring economy." Mr. Stanhope and Lord George Hamilton, it is pleasant to see, would not give way an inch, contending that their economies, instead of diminishing efficiency have somewhat increased it. Nor would they promise to make the entire Empire invulnerable at every point, the demand which peeped out from not a few of the speeches with which they were pelted. In fine, the Services have at last made acquaintance with a Conservative Ministry which refuses to be black-mailed, even by its friends.

**WINTER IN NEW YORK.**—Situated as it is on the Eastern Coast of a great Continent, so that the prevailing westerly winds blow hot in summer and cold in winter, New York has a climate of great extremes. The difference between the Atlantic seaboard of America and Europe is especially noticeable in winter. Oporto and New York, for example, lie in about the same latitude. Yet while the former has scarcely any weather which even an Englishman would call wintry, the latter is frozen up for weeks. The blizzard of last Monday beats all previous records as regards severity. Never before in the annals of the city has there been such a threefold combination of violent wind (forty-eight miles an hour), low temperature (five above zero), and heavy snowfall (two feet deep on the level). When Londoners read of the sufferings and almost entire cessation of all social and commercial intercourse by this unprecedented tempest, they will remember, almost with a sense of shame, the fuss they made over the great snow-storm of January 18th, 1881. The snow which fell on that memorable occasion was the equivalent, according to the official tables, of rather less than half an inch of rain, yet we know how much inconvenience it caused, and how it impeded traffic. If we multiply our own sensations by ten we may get some idea of what New York endured last Monday when "The Big Snow" was the only new arrival recorded in the books of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Such experience should teach us not to grumble at our own climate, which, despite fogs, and damp, and want of sunshine, is a very mild and equable climate compared to that of countries which we are apt to think more highly favoured than our own.

**POOR LAW REFORM.**—"The problem how to alter the present state of things had perplexed many, and no one politician or thinker that he was aware of had named even an approach to a solution." These despondent words proceeded from Sir Charles Russell the other night when discussing our present system of poor relief. Truly, the problem must be difficult, when one of the brightest and most searching intellects in the kingdom cannot suggest a remedy for evils which all thinking people deplore. Ameliorate the Poor Law Code, and you at once risk the pauperisation of the masses; leave it as it is, and the deserving poor, for whose relief it is intended, will continue to regard it as unnecessarily humiliating and heartless. Even Sir Charles Russell himself fell into a blunder when he declared, as an abstract proposition, that relief ought to be given to the deserving poor, "without placing upon them the brand of pauperism." We heartily endorse the sentiment, but how is it to be managed? It is not the State, nor the Government, nor the Union, nor even haughty Bumble, that affixes this stigma to those who enter the workhouse: public opinion, reflecting the feeling of all classes, is the real culprit. And even if some system were devised which separated the sheep from the goats, it would not be in the power of the State to prevent the same sentiment of contempt from visiting both alike. A case of unhappily, only too common a character, which came before the Westminster stipendiary at the beginning of the week, illustrates the exceeding difficulty of administering relief on any Procrustean principle. Being deserted by her husband after a quarrel, a "young woman of very respectable appearance" applied to the magistrate for advice. She had two children to maintain; she could not earn enough to keep them; she would not like to enter the workhouse; above all, she would sooner die than be parted from her offspring. Now, in this instance, the administration of outdoor relief on a liberal scale would have operated as a direct inducement to other worthless husbands to desert their wives, and perhaps, even, to some wives to go on nagging at their husbands in the hope of driving them away from their homes.

**RAILWAY PREFERENTIAL RATES.**—During the discussion last Tuesday in the House of Lords on the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, Lord Jersey and his friends inflicted a defeat on the Government, though it is not very easy to perceive precisely the practical motive of their objection. The clause which they successfully assailed recognises a new principle in railway legislation, inasmuch as it lays down the rule that, where companies levy unequal rates, they are bound to give reason for so doing, and their decisions may be overruled by the judgment of an independent tribunal. As this clause did not satisfy Lord Jersey and his adherents, it may be presumed that their real aim is to insist on equal mileage rates, without regard to the infinite variety of conditions under which goods are carried. In fact, there are only three possible courses open: either the equal mileage system, which in practice would be found not only unjust, but unworkable; or the method of the present Government Bill, which interferes considerably with the liberty of the Railway Companies; or, lastly, the *laissez faire* policy of allowing the railways free to charge whatever they please. We are by no means sure that this last policy would not be the best of the three for all parties. It is all very well to call railways monopolies, but they are monopolies tempered by no small amount of competition. Not only do they compete with one another, but they have formidable rivals on the sea, and even on land—at all events, in large towns—from horse conveyances. Shrewd railway directors are well aware that the best dividends are earned by reasonable charges, and therefore there is little fear that, even if they had unrestricted liberty of action, they would levy exorbitant rates. But the spirit of the present day is so much in favour of State interference that it is useless further to discuss such a plan. Therefore, the only alternative is the Government Bill. We have often pointed out before that it is impossible to interfere effectually with the preference given to the foreign importers over native producers unless a return is made to those Protectionist principles which Lord Salisbury repudiates. It seems very hard that a Norfolk farmer should pay nearly thrice as much for the inland carriage of his wheat and potatoes as the foreigner who unships a cargo at Cardiff, and wants it carried to Birmingham. There are, however, two sufficient reasons for the discrepancy. One is that in the case of the foreigner, unless the Railway Company offered a low transit charge, the goods would be taken by sea to some other port. The second reason is that it is proportionately much less costly to handle a whole cargo than to pick up small parcels of goods at a series of stations. The last difficulty seems insuperable, unless, as observed above, we boldly reinstate Protection.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing an ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHY of HIS LATE MAJESTY the EMPEROR WILLIAM I. of GERMANY, written by W. Beatty-Kingston.

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**AMUSEMENTS**

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Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit All the principal places of interest.

**FOR full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate Circus Office.  
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.**

**NIAGARA IN LONDON**  
THE large circular panorama of Niagara that Mr. John Hollingshead has just opened in York Street, Westminster, is a masterpiece of scenic art. It has been painted, with the assistance of some able coadjutors, by M. Paul Philippoteaux, who has acquired a widely-spread reputation by his numerous cycloramic pictures of battles. The view from the Observatory on the Canadian bank of the river, on which the spectator is supposed to stand, is of the most comprehensive kind. It includes the great Horseshoe and the American Falls separated by Goat Island, the course of the rapidly-rushing river for several miles, and the Museum garden with large forest trees behind. The very commonplace character of the Canadian boarding-house near at hand and of the modern manufacturing town on the opposite side of the river contrasts strongly with the natural grandeur of the scene. M. Philippoteaux has, however, aimed at absolute fidelity to fact, and he has admirably succeeded in his purpose. All the varied features of the scene are so accurately depicted as regards form and colour, and the right relative value of each part to the rest is so well observed, that the work as a whole conveys a strong impression of reality. The scenic illusion is greatly aided by the ingenious treatment of the immediate foreground. The solidly constructed road, the grass-grown hillocks with living fir-trees, the wooden sheds, and the telegraph-posts in the wide space below the spectator are most skillfully arranged, and are in such complete accordance with the foreground of the painted picture, that no solution of continuity is apparent. Without careful scrutiny, it is difficult to determine where the painting leaves off and the reality begins. The work throughout shows the most careful study of natural form, and is painted in excellent style. We have seen nothing of the kind conveying so vivid a sense of magnitude and vast space.

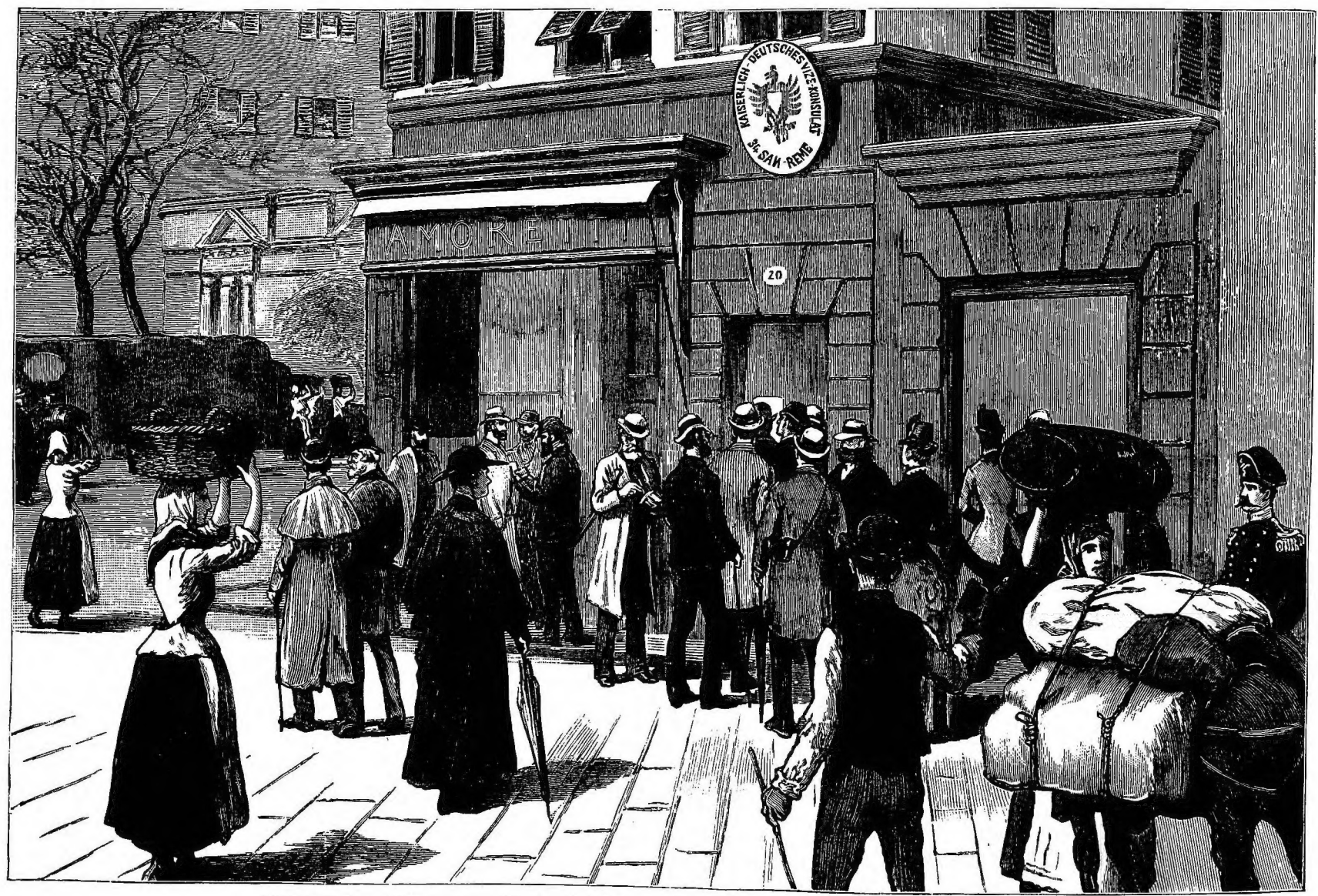




THE CROWN PRINCE WITH HIS GERMAN PHYSICIANS ON THE GARDEN TERRACE OF THE VILLA ZIRIO THE DAY BEFORE THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR



THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. AT LUNCHEON WITH HIS TWO YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA ZIRIO THE DAY AFTER THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM

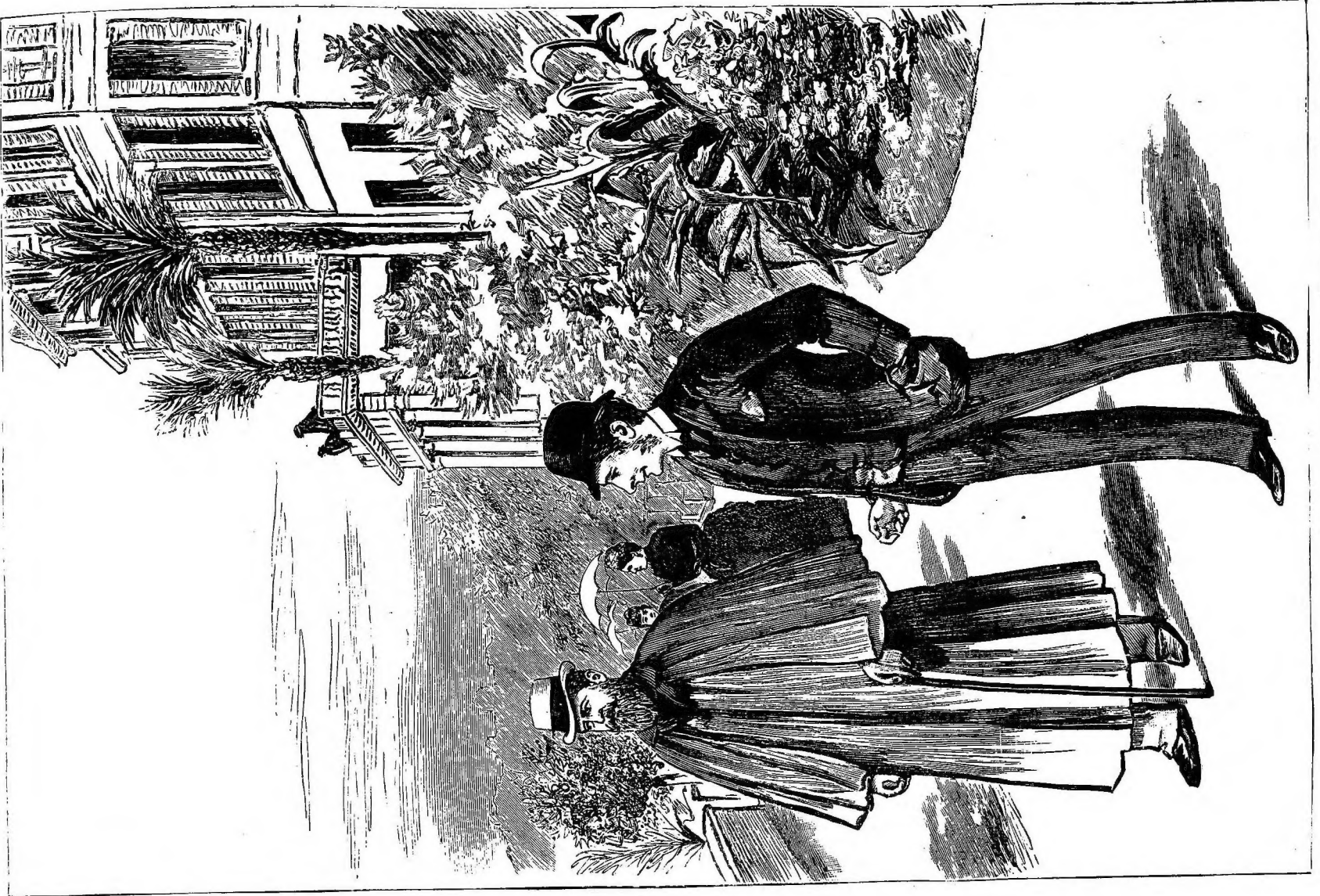


EXAMINING THE BULLETINS OF THE CROWN PRINCE'S HEALTH AT THE GERMAN VICE-CONSULATE, SAN REMO

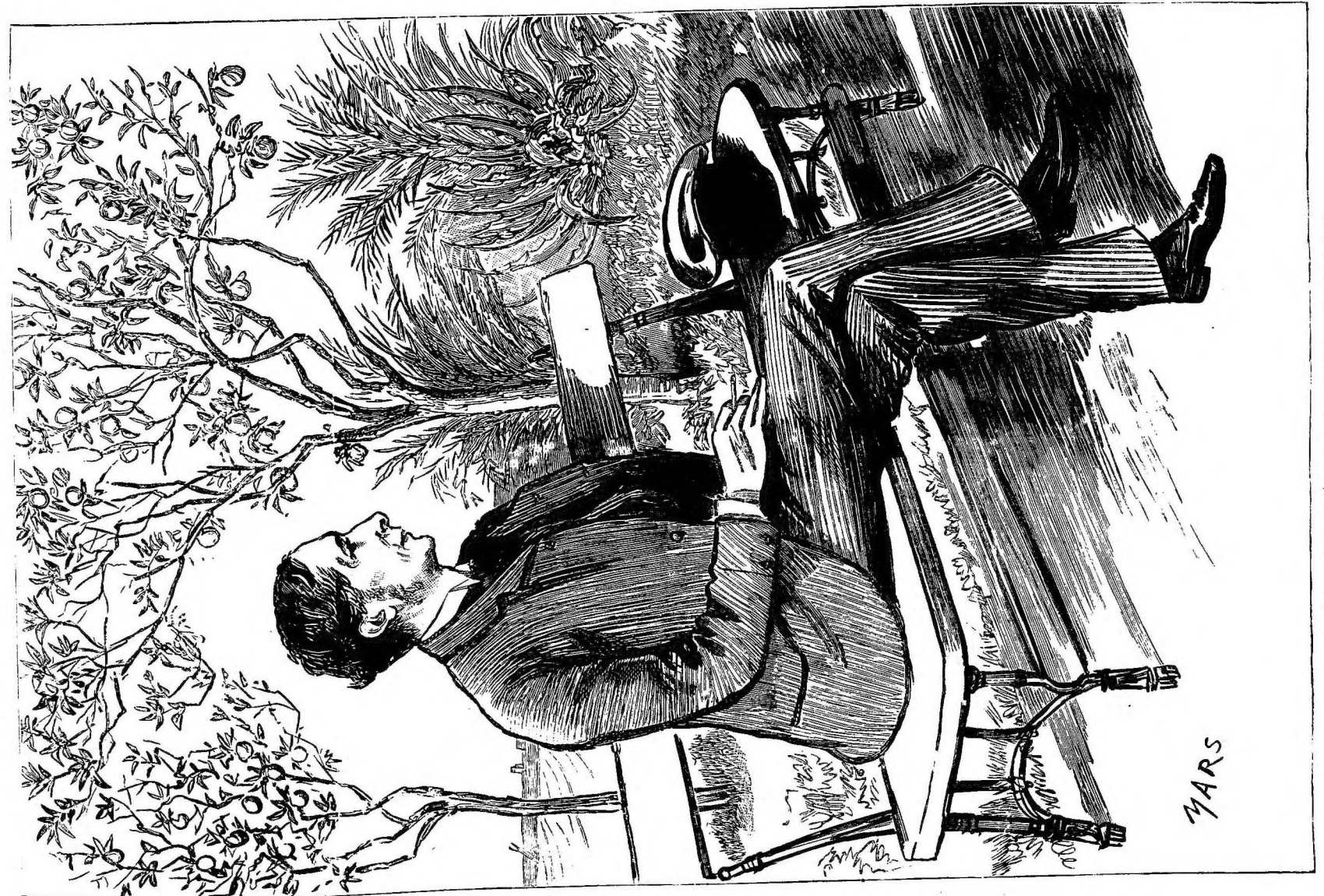
THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. AT SAN REMO

FROM SKETCHES BY "MARS," OUR SPECIAL ARTIST





THE NEW EMPEROR WALKING IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA ZIRIO WITH SIR MORELL MACKENZIE



SIR MORELL MACKENZIE IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA ZIRIO

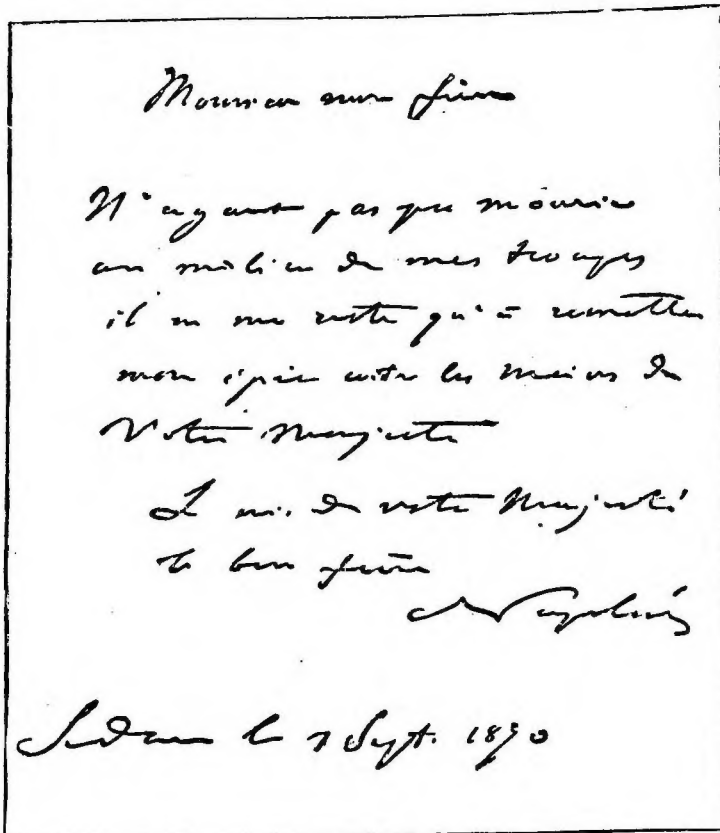
THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. AT SAN REMO  
FROM SKETCHES BY "MARS," OUR SPECIAL ARTIST





### THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY

A MEMOIR of the late Emperor William will be found in our Special Supplement, and an account of his illness, his death, and the home-coming and accession to the Imperial dignity of Frederick III. is fully given on pages 278, 279. Our illustrations are mainly explained in that account, but below are given a few notes on the last days of the new Emperor's stay at San Remo, and annexed we subjoin a facsimile of perhaps the most famous historical document connected with the late Emperor William's reign—the letter of surrender which he received from Napoleon III. after the battle of Sedan on the ever memorable First of September, 1870.



The translation of the letter runs as follows, and we also subjoin the Emperor William's reply:—

"SIRE MY BROTHER,—Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty.—I am your Majesty's good brother,"

"NAPOLEON.

"Sedan, Sept. 1, 1870."

To which the Emperor replied:—

"SIRE MY BROTHER,—Regretting the circumstances under which we meet, I accept the sword of your Majesty, and I invite you to designate one of your officers provided with full powers to treat for the capitulation of the army which has so bravely fought under your command. On my side I have named General Moltke for this purpose.—I am, your Majesty's good brother,"

"WILHELM.

"Before Sedan, Sept. 1, 1870."

### THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. AT SAN REMO

OUR illustrations are from sketches by our special artist "Mars," and depict some incidents which took place during the closing period of the Emperor's visit to San Remo. In one we see the Crown Prince and Sir Morell Mackenzie taking a constitutional in the gardens of the Villa Zirio, and another is a characteristic sketch of Sir Morell Mackenzie, who ever since he was summoned to Berlin, last summer, has had the chief charge of his distinguished patient. Notwithstanding all the cavilling of the German press, and the differences of opinion which both German and Austrian doctors have not hesitated to aver, the Prince has always affirmed his unshaken confidence in the English doctor's treatment, and has followed it out to the letter. Other sketches portray incidents inside and outside the Villa. In one we see the Empress and her daughter clad in deep mourning, accompanied by her favourite dog, walking in the garden on the first day of Her Majesty's new dignity, while another portrays the new Emperor taking lunch in the open air, with Dr. Schrader standing by him. In another the Emperor is shown sitting on the terrace, with his German physicians, the day before his father's death. The crowd in the street are anxious to stand and gaze on the little group, but are inexorably "moved on" by the policemen, who, however, it should be said, exercise their functions very politely. On the day of Emperor William's death every one was naturally anxious to obtain a glimpse of the new monarch, but he did not show himself in public, much to the disappointment of the curious, and manifestly to that of one Prussian officer, who had provided himself with a detective camera in readiness to take the very first photograph of his new Emperor. In one of his sketches "Mars" shows a Genoa detective warning off some British tourists from the private path to the villa in a long and flowery sentence of which the Britishers do not understand one word. Throughout the Prince's stay it was amusing to watch the difference in the salutes given to the Prince by the stiff, starched, German officers and the equally polite but more elastic salutations of the Italians. The tall personage who is in the foreground in the sketch of the "Crowd outside the Villa Zirio waiting to see the new Emperor" is a stalwart San Remo policeman.

### THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING

NOTWITHSTANDING the gloom which naturally overhung the British Court in consequence of the death of the German Emperor and the frail health of his successor, Saturday, March 10th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was celebrated with becoming cheerfulness and enthusiasm, the Court ceremonials being supplemented by illuminations, flags, and devices, and mottoes exhibited in the principal thoroughfares, while crowds of spectators assembled on the footways of Pall Mall to watch the various visitors who wended their way to and from

Marlborough House. Almost everybody who had pretensions to be anybody proceeded thither, and between 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. there was an incessant stream of callers, most of whom wrote their names in the book at the lodge. The most distinguished of these callers was Her Majesty, who, at 11.30 A.M., left Buckingham Palace for Marlborough House in an open landau, drawn by four bays, in order to pay a congratulatory visit to her eldest son and his wife. The Queen was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of The Queen was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Albany. In the evening the Queen dined at Marlborough House—the first time she has ever dined with the Heir-Apparent at his town-residence. It was quite a family party, the only other guests being the King of the Belgians, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Cambridge. The dining-room presented a brilliant appearance, the table in the middle being lighted by lofty silver candelabra, filled with wax candles, and adorned with massive silver plateaux, and a centre-piece crowned by a vase of the choicest exotics. The buffet was covered with a magnificent collection of silver shields, tankards, and other plate, while vases of flowers were arranged upon the console tables. The apartment, which is decorated in cream-colour and gold, and hung with portraits of the Queen, the late Prince Consort, and other members of the Royal Family, was most effectively illuminated by clusters of electric incandescent lamps. We may add that a beautiful wedding cake, six feet high, was presented on this happy occasion to the Prince and Princess by Messrs. Gunter, of Berkeley Square. After the banquet the Queen drove round the chief West End streets to look at the illuminations, and then went down to Windsor by rail.

On the following day (Sunday) the Prince and Princess of Wales attended service at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, in the afternoon. In spite of the stormy weather there were crowds of people at the doors, many of them, however, being unable to gain admission. The Prince and Princess were accompanied by their two sons and three daughters, and also by the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark. A wedding march was played as the Royal party entered. The Prince sat with the Princess of Wales on his right, and the Crown Princess of Denmark on his left. On the desk in front of the Princess of Wales was placed a beautiful bouquet of lilies of the valley, the emblems of the See and Province of Canterbury. The prayers were intoned and the lessons read by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal. "Rejoice to-day with one accord," from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," was sung in lieu of an anthem, and the sermon (from I Cor. xii. 25, 26) was preached by the Bishop of Peterborough on behalf of the Gordon Boys' Home. The Bishop preached with great force on the social inequalities of the present day—the evils of which, he said, could only be effectually combated by Christian Fraternity and Equality, fraternity in common brotherhood and worship, and equality before God. He concluded with an eloquent tribute to the sterling qualities of the late Emperor William, and the Christian heroism displayed by his sorely-afflicted son.

As might be expected from their personal popularity, the Prince and Princess of Wales received a large number of presents. We can only enumerate some of them. The King and Queen of Hawaii gave a large wooden bowl mounted in silver, made from a gigantic acorn. The servants of the Household gave a silver tankard; the bridesmaids of the Princess of Wales a silver casket; the Danish residents of Newcastle-on-Tyne a picture of the Castle of Fredensborg; three hundred and sixty-five ladies, personal friends of the Princess of Wales, a diamond tiara; fifty gentlemen, in like manner personal friends, three silver flagons; members of the Queen's Household a pair of Elizabethan silver cups; the Freemasons, a diamond butterfly; the Peers of Ireland, fifteen old Irish silver cups; the officers of the Second Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment (the Princess of Wales's Own), a large embossed silver plaque; the London Corporation, a large silver model of the Imperial Institute buildings. The Prince of Wales gave the Princess a silver travelling clock, bearing the inscription, "In remembrance of March 10th, 1863-1888, from A.E." It was made by Mr. Alfred Clark, of 20, Old Bond Street. The presents were laid out in the Indian Room at Marlborough House an apartment, around which are cases filled with trophies of Indian art and Indian valour, swords, shields, spears, armour, &c. Gifts from Royal personages included a gigantic silver flagon from the Queen; a golden punch-bowl and its accessories from the King of the Hellenes; silver models of the Prince and Princess's favourite riding horses from their five children; a model of an old war-ship, from the Empress Eugenie; an agate bowl, mounted on a lapis lazuli stem, from the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and much valuable jewellery. These presents, as well as many others, which want of space prevents us from enumerating, were displayed upon tables against the walls and before the windows, the silver articles being set off remarkably well by the gold-embroidered blue cloths on which they stood.

### SCENES AT THE DEPTFORD ELECTION

THE by-elections which have taken place within the last few months have been watched with exceptional interest, and none of these contests aroused more curiosity than the recent duel at Deptford between Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Mr. Darling. The interest felt was no doubt sharpened by the fact that the first-named of these two candidates was in prison during the election, having imprudently allied himself with the party of disorder in Ireland. When the polling day, February 29th, arrived, Deptford presented a scene of considerable animation, and, though the hustings with their frequent accompaniment of rotten eggs and cabbage-stalks have been abolished, and though the elector no longer records his vote *coram populo*, yet the departed joys of those once-familiar sights are in some measure made up for by the number of vehicles engaged in conveying electors to their respective polling booths, both carriages, horses, and drivers showing a profusion of party rosettes and cockades. Nor was there any lack of the brutality which used to characterise elections in the pre-Reform era. It was specially noticeable on the Gladstonian side, the Irish element doubtless lending efficient aid in this respect. Mr. Darling had his hat smashed in, but fortunately escaped personal injury, Mr. Colepeper had three of his teeth knocked out by a stone, and Colonel Graham, a Crimean veteran, was seriously wounded.

Our sketches require little explanation. Lady Anne Blunt was prominent in the borough on the polling-day, and a telegram from the Cork Protestant Home Rule Association, wishing her husband success, was made much of by her party. It is curious that the taste of modern mobs runs in the direction of allegorical effigies, whose exhibition was formerly confined to November 5th. The figure on the plank bed excited much attention. So did the gentleman on stilts, but what he actually typified we know not. Even four-footed creatures were pressed into the strife, witness the Gladstonian dog who was yelled almost into a state of rabies by a band of Darlingite enthusiasts. Delightful it is (as Lucretius says of the

heaving ocean) to contemplate the surging crowd from the snug vantage-ground of an upper window, especially when it becomes your duty to thank the public for those "sweet voices" of theirs which have given you victory. The band strikes up "Charlie is my Darling," for on this eventful day Charlie is the Darling of Deptford by a majority of 275 votes.

Mr. Charles John Darling, Q.C., is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Darling, of Langham Hall, near Dedham, Essex, and was born in December, 1849. He was educated privately, studied law at the Inner Temple, was called to the Bar in 1874,



MR. CHARLES JOHN DARLING, Q.C., M.P.

joined the Oxford Circuit, and obtained "silk" in 1885. He had twice previously contested South Hackney against Sir Charles Russell, each time without success.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall and Co., 164, New Bond Street.

### "THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 293.



To found an interesting play on "The Adventures of Joseph Andrews" is by common consent an impossible feat; but the impossibility has, nevertheless, been accomplished by Mr. Buchanan, whose *Joseph's Sweetheart*, at the VAUDEVILLE, is an even more dexterous piece of work than the same author's previous adaptation of "Tom Jones." It is true that the new piece, like its predecessor, claims only to be "founded on" the novel; but it furnishes us with a full portrait of Parson Adams, who is represented by Mr. Thorne with highly studied and most effective art, displays a Joseph whose smirking coxcombry and oppressive propriety are by Mr. Conway very cleverly subdued, and finally gives us in Miss Kate Rorke a Fanny who is full of eighteenth-century grace and charm, and well-skilled to give effect to the pathetic situations in which she is the central figure. It has been objected that, where he departs from Fielding, Mr. Buchanan is "common-place." The charge would certainly have been more pertinent if he had adhered more closely to Fielding, for the "Adventures of Joseph Andrews" are assuredly not in the heroic vein. Even Goldsmith's immortal novel, with its libertine squire, its confiding heroine, its elopement, its heartless betrayal, and its artless *dénouement*, might be dismissed in the same off-hand fashion. But our great-grandfathers set more store upon character and treatment than upon ingenuity of incident, and Mr. Buchanan, mindful of Horatian maxims, has not striven to unite "the human head with the horse's neck," but has worked in the spirit of the original. What a delightful scene, for example, is that at the door of Adams' cottage, whither the worthy curate brings Fanny for protection and shelter, while the little ones gather around and Joseph haunts the spot like the devoted swain that he is. It is all very homely, or "common-place," if the word is preferred, but it is full of the sober grace and unrestrained sentiment of the time. The weakest part of the play is the fifth act, in which Fanny, having been needlessly made acquainted with Joseph's valorous intentions, has to sit patiently in the Lincoln's Inn Fields' tavern while her lover is outside fighting a duel with Lord Fellamar. An excellent piece of acting is Mr. Cyril Maude's impersonation of this profligate nobleman; even better is Mr. Fred Thorne's performance of his drunken, servile Welsh chaplain—a character not in the novel. Great praise is also due to Miss Vane for her impersonation of the love-sick and implacable widow Lady Booby, Miss Homfrey's Mrs. Adams, and last, but not least, Miss Eliza Johnstone's highly amusing portrait of Mrs. Slipslop—the undoubted original of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop. The mounting of the play is worthy of the work. Some scenes have been avowedly modelled on "The Marriage à la Mode" of Hogarth—a terribly "common-place" person in his incidents, by the way, if anybody chooses to think so. The scene in Ranelagh Gardens, wherein Mr. Thorne develops the humours of Parson Adams with admirable effect, is a remarkable example of what can be done in the way of suggesting space and distance on a small stage. *Joseph's Sweetheart* may safely be assumed to be destined to hold its place in the Vaudeville programme for many months to come.

Mr. Toole as a College Don promises well, and the promise is faithfully fulfilled. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale's new play, in three acts, entitled *The Don*, at TOOLE'S Theatre is an extravagant work even for farce; but it is eminently diverting, and is just the sort of piece in which the popular comedian for whom it has been written is able to give the fullest play to his comic vein. Mr. Milliken, M.A., a grave Dean of Chapels, desperately smitten with the charms of Mrs. Coventry Sparkle, in the plump and comely person of Miss Kate Phillips, and embarrassed with the attentions of Miss Emily Thorne as the buxom landlady of the Bull and the Mitre, even to the extent of a scene that is a counterpart of the famous misunderstanding between Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell, while he is determined to maintain on occasion the severe demeanour and stern resolves of a Camford "Don," is, we need hardly say, a personage highly amusing in himself, and effective as a factor in humorous complications. No doubt Mr. Toole is a little prone to allow the old habit of playing less dignified personages to become



too strong for him. The Dean's tone and mode of abbreviating his words are, it must be confessed, not always suggestive of academic polish; and the abject terror in which he is supposed to be plunged when he is arrested through a similarity of name between himself and his nephew on a charge of contempt in marrying a ward in Chancery, certainly puts a severe strain on the spectator's faith in the dramatists. The piece is played with spirit. Mr. Billington's Mr. Pappendick, M.A., is in capital contrast with Mr. Toole's Mr. Milliken, M.A., and the "nagging" colloquies between these two are productive of many entertaining incidents. Mr. Gardiner, as the scapegrace nephew who is caught dancing with a young lady disguised as an undergraduate in lodgings, plays in a neat and easy fashion, and is well seconded by Miss Marie Linden as the innocently bold young lady, supposed to be secretly married to her dancing partner in defiance of regulations. There is also to be noticed a clever performance of a ready-witted saucy young undergraduate by Mr. Aubrey Boucicault, a son of the well-known actor and dramatist, who is said to be only eighteen years of age, and is likely to make his mark in parts that demand cool self-assurance. Mr. Lowe played another undergraduate with evident enjoyment of the fun, and other parts are cleverly enacted by Miss Vanbrugh and Mr. Shelton.

*Christina*, by Messrs. Lynwood and Ambient, originally brought out at a *matinée* last year, and now promoted to a place in the evening bill at the OLYMPIC, is a curious play, not wholly without gleams of power; but so largely infected with the "Erebus vein," and so obscurely set forth as regards its story, that it can hardly be distinguished from burlesque. Nevertheless the authors' aim has clearly been melodrama of the most stirring and thrilling kind; nor did they fail to stir and thrill if the enthusiastic reception accorded to the play on the first night may be taken as a criterion. Mr. Willard plays a terrible Russian Count, Mr. Boleyn a Russian Prince, Miss Alma Murray a sympathetic and passionate heroine, Mr. Frank Archer a wondrous editor of a wondrous London evening paper, and the scene fits about between London and Geneva in an atmosphere of plots, counterplots, and Nihilism; but what was the purpose of the tale no one seemed able to say, unless it was that gentleman who, being asked on a similar occasion if he knew what the play "was about," declared that he did, for it "was about the most incomprehensible piece he had ever witnessed."

Miss Julia Neilson's *début* in the part of Cynisca in *Pygmalion and Galatea* has been postponed from Wednesday in the present week to Wednesday afternoon next, much to the disappointment of the curious. Great things are rumoured of Miss Neilson's talents and beauty, and of Miss Mary Anderson's generosity in inviting so fascinating a lady to occupy a position so "near the throne," for Miss Anderson will of course play Galatea. Unhappily Miss Anderson has been compelled by ill-health once or twice lately to close the theatre doors and thus disappoint her patrons.

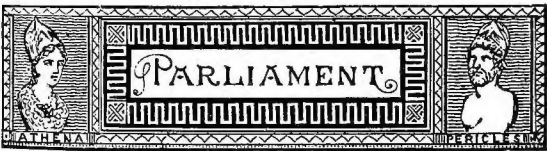
Miss Helen Barry is going to take a farewell of England for a while in a new and original four-act drama, entitled *Held Asunder*, to be produced at the PRINCE OF WALES'S on the afternoon of April 3.

It seems that the promised resuscitation of Miss Graves's *Nitocris* at DRURY LANE is indefinitely postponed, as is the promised version of Mr. Rider Haggard's *She*. The pantomime of *Puss in Boots* will reach its last night on Saturday next, and will be succeeded at Easter by a revival of *The Run of Luck*.

Miss Fortescue is to play Julia in *The Hunchback* at a *matinée* at the PRINCE OF WALES'S on Tuesday next.

Mr. J. F. Nisbet has written a new society drama entitled *Dorothy Gray*, which will be brought out at the PRINCESS'S on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 27th inst.

Mr. Maurice Barrymore, the actor and dramatist, complains that a scene in M. Sardou's *Theodora* is "taken bodily" from his *Aadjesda*, which was produced, as will be remembered, at the HAYMARKET a year or two ago, with no very great success.



NEWS of the death of the German Emperor reached the House of Commons on Thursday night, and created a profound sensation. Before the House rose it was ascertained that the report was premature, and when on Friday the story was told again, this time with foundation in fact, the acuteness of the sensation had worn off. It was expected that Parliament would show its sympathy with the German nation and with the family of the late Emperor by adjourning; and probably that course might have been taken had it been an ordinary Friday sitting. But Mr. Goschen had undertaken to disclose his plans dealing with the National Debt. Monday was already appropriated, and much inconvenience would have arisen. Sentiment therefore gave way to business, and the only note taken of the event was in the few words said by Mr. Smith at the opening of the sitting, which were echoed by Sir William Harcourt on behalf of the Opposition. On Monday there were many signs of mourning in the House, the Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms being conspicuous in their funeral apparel. Several of the Ministers and many private members put on mourning. But on Tuesday, as far as members were concerned, things had resumed their customary appearance, and the world went round as if the old Emperor were still living.

Mr. Goschen's explanation of his measure for converting the Funded Debt was a model of lucidity. He spoke for an hour and a-half, which was a comparatively brief time. Mr. Gladstone would probably have taken three hours. But Mr. Goschen's less ornate speech served at least equally well. It was listened to with absorbed attention, and Mr. Gladstone, in one of those friendly speeches which have of late become habitual from the Front Opposition Bench, sounded the note of general approval. Hon. members who had a personal interest in Consols did not like to learn that the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents. was to be altered for the stern austerity of Two-and-a-Three-Quarters, to be further reduced at the term of fourteen years to Two-and-a-Half. But, in the House of Commons as elsewhere, owners of Consols form a comparatively small minority. The bulk of Mr. Goschen's audience, representing the majority of the taxpayers, were greatly allured by the scheme, which will give considerable immediate relief to the revenue, and will presently, as the working of the scheme enlarges, make a permanent reduction of annual expenditure amounting to little short of three millions sterling. To-day (Friday) Mr. Goschen's Bill has been further discussed at a morning sitting, when the plaint of owners of Consols has been heard. But it has been clear from the first that the Bill will pass.

The New Rule opening public business at half-past three in the afternoon, and closing it at twelve, continues to work admirably. Members have fallen into the habit with remarkable readiness, and, though there is a little tardiness in coming up at half-past three, it is more than made up for by the readiness with which they disperse on the stroke of midnight. The surest test of the success of the scheme is the way work is got through, and that is more satisfactory than it has been for a dozen years back. This week private members have regained their privilege of appropriating Tuesdays and Wednesdays to their Bills. Last Session the rights of private members to a share

of the time of the House was practically nullified. On the 19th of April in last year by some rare chance a private member got a night. But that was not only five weeks later than has befallen this Session, but the success was not repeated. The only way in which private members could bring forward their grievances was by moving the adjournment. It may be noted as one of the most striking signs of the new times that the Session is now considerably more than a month old, and we have not yet had a single motion for the adjournment with its belligerent support of forty members.

Last Friday night there was an excellent and lively debate on the question of reform of the House of Lords. Mr. Labouchere submitted a drastic motion, which he supported in a speech an hour long. Mr. Rathbone successfully endeavoured to give a more serious aspect to the debate by the delivery of a speech which had the immediate effect of emptying the well-filled House gathered to be amused by Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Curzon, a young Conservative member, who, as the future Lord Scarsdale, has a personal interest in the subject, made a distinct mark by a speech full of point, and imbued with that subtle and mysterious House of Commons manner which it is much easier to note than to describe. The fact that Mr. Labouchere had charge of the motion deprived the proceedings at the outset of anything like seriousness. The House never takes the senior member for Northampton *au sérieux*. But towards midnight things assumed a different aspect; and in the concluding hour the debate was raised to a high level, and the question was advanced near the front rank of political controversy. It was significant that with one important exception no speaker uttered a *non possumus* against the proposed reform. Even Mr. W. H. Smith, in opposing the motion, admitted that it would be an uncommonly good thing, not only for the State but for the Peers, if the Upper House could be reformed. It was Lord Hartington who put his back against the wall, and set down his foot against this new departure. Mr. John Morley, in a speech that attracted much attention, semi-officially added the plank to the Liberal platform. Sir William Harcourt seized the opportunity to pay off old scores against Lord Hartington, fiercely belabouring him, amid delighted cheers from the Irish camp. On a division, the motion was, of course, defeated. But the reduction of the normal Ministerial majority added to the significance of the proceedings.

The Navy Estimates have furnished the principal business of the week. An attempt was made to move the House into Committee on Monday. But the debate was adjourned, and it was not till Thursday that a vote was taken. Lord Charles Beresford led off the attack on Monday, Lord Randolph Churchill being present to direct the proceedings. But, on the whole, they fell short of expectation. Lord Charles Beresford had exhausted his fire in debate on the Army Estimates, during the previous week. He is, moreover, a speaker who does not profit by too long preparation. His 'arliamentary successes are achieved when he rises in a debate and, in unconventional phrase with some show of a preliminary hitching up of his trousers, confidentially talks to the House on naval affairs. On Monday he was overburdened with notes, had not a very full audience, and, in the course of a couple of hours, the debate smouldered out, and his motion was disposed of by being negatived. Then the conversation took an even more discursive tone, and the House consented to the adjournment of the debate with a pretty evident conviction that, for all practical purposes, the House would have done better to go into Committee.

Not the least important debate of an interesting and business-like week took place on Tuesday night. Mr. Slagg opened the proceedings with a motion challenging the frontier policy in India, and incidentally condemning the increment of revenue acquired by the sale of spirits. The debate threatened to go the way of all discussions on India, the House being nearly empty, and the shadow of a count-out lying low over the benches. But Lord Randolph Churchill, not having exhausted his energies in his indictment of the Government, whether in respect of Army or Navy administration, now came upon the scene to smite them hip and thigh in respect of their ways in India. He defended the frontier policy for the sufficient reason, as was pointed out by more than one speaker, that he was personally responsible for some of its developments. But he had a free hand in dealing with the economic aspect of affairs, and he used it with great effect. He showed that India was on the very verge of financial catastrophe, having exhausted the utmost of its resources of taxation. The only hope of safety lay in retrenchment, and Lord Randolph Churchill, amid cheers from Indian authorities on both sides of the House, urged that course upon the Government.



POLITICAL ITEMS.—Lord Salisbury is to address, on the 10th of April, a great gathering at Carnarvon, over which Sir Watkin Williams Wynn is to preside, and which, it is expected, will be the largest political meeting ever held in North Wales.—Mr. Chamberlain is to be welcomed on his return home, and on the success of his mission to America, at a public and non-political banquet to be given him, on the 28th inst., in the Birmingham Town Hall.—On Wednesday the Duke of Argyll addressed a Unionist gathering at Cambridge, Lord Rosebery spoke at the dinner of the Bow and Bromley Liberal Club, and a number of liberated Irish prisoners, among them Mr. W. O'Brien and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, were banqueted in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. The Duke of Argyll showed from the example of Scotland, when it had a Parliament of its own, that the grant of one to Ireland would lead to a demand for Separation. Lord Rosebery made a virtue of necessity, and touched on the good uses of adversity with reference to the Parliamentary position of the Separatists, for whom, of course, he predicted ultimate victory. He advised moderation in attempts to reform the House of Lords, since its reform could only be effected constitutionally through a Bill which must be passed by itself as well as by the House of Commons.—In spite of Sir William Harcourt's boast that the Separatists always beat the Unionists when they "can get at them," the Gladstonians have decided not to start a candidate for the Melton Division of Leicestershire, and the Marquis of Granby is being returned unopposed.—A deadly feud has broken out in the Gladstonian party in the Gower Division of Glamorgan. Welsh Nationalists and working men object to the selection of Sir Horace Davey, and, in spite of Mr. Arnold Morley's intervention, are determined to start Mr. Randall, a solicitor, as a Nationalist candidate. Taking advantage of the split in the enemy's camp, the Conservatives are bringing forward Mr. Llewellyn, who formerly contested South Glamorgan and Cardiff.—On Wednesday, without opposition in either case, Lord Walter Gordon Lennox (C.) was returned for the Chichester Division of Sussex, and Mr. D. A. Thomas (G.) for Merthyr Tydvil.

IRELAND.—Mr. Parnell has interposed to check the threatened persecution of the Jews in Cork. The reason he gives for his interposition is a curious one. He does not protest in the name of justice and humanity against the contemplated *Juden-hetze*. He pleads for mercy to the Jews of Cork simply on the personal and party ground that he has "derived much valuable help from several excellent Home Rulers of the Jewish persuasion in London."

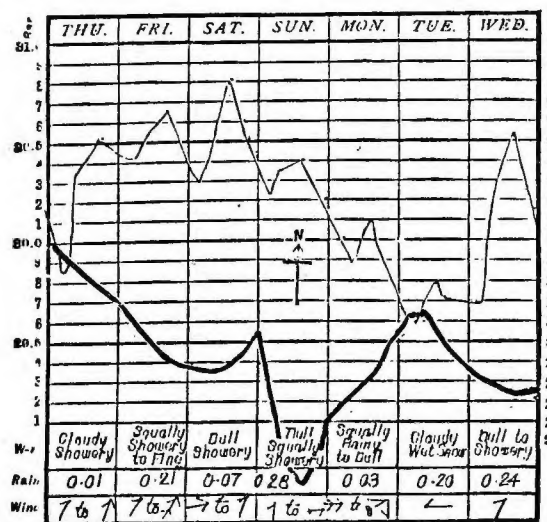
Percy Harold Snelling, another delegate from the London Anti-Coercion and Home Rule Committee, has been convicted at Sixmillebridge, under the Crimes Act, of inciting to join the Plan of Campaign and the National League in Clare, a county specially proclaimed. The magistrate, in giving judgment, said that Snelling, according to his own statement, had come to Ireland to break the power of the Crimes Act. They should pass such a sentence on him as would deter others from following in his steps—one month's hard labour on the first charge, and six months' imprisonment on the second. On the latter he was admitted to bail, but was removed to Limerick Gaol to undergo the one month's imprisonment.—Another of those brutal outrages by which Kerry has made itself famous, or infamous, is reported from that county. Patrick Robinson, the master of a National School at some distance from Tralee, was with his two daughters hearing the school-children their lessons at noon on Monday, when three men, armed and disguised, entered the school-room, compelled father and daughters to kneel down, and shot Robinson near the groin. The wound, though serious, may not be fatal. Robinson, who was fired at some months ago, is vaguely described as having made himself unpopular in the district.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Lord Mayor has urged the claims of the fund for acquiring North Woolwich Gardens as an open space at a public meeting at the Mansion House over which he presided. 19,000*l.* are wanted, and 15,400*l.* have been promised. If the land, ten acres in extent, is not acquired for the public, it will be built over.—Mrs. Fawcett, lecturing at Toynbee Hall on "The Social Progress of Women during the Last Century," sketched the history of what she called the "Women's Movement," from the publication of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Right of Women" to the establishment of Girtton and Newnham. That movement was due in great measure, she thought, to the intrusion of machinery into the whole of industry. Weaving, spinning, the manufacture of essences, medicines, and perfumes had been transferred from the home to the factory, so that women had less to do within the four walls of their houses, and more to do outside of them.—In the report for 1887 recently issued by the Board of Guardians for the relief of the Jewish poor, facts and figures are adduced to support the statement that, if the alleged influx of foreigners into London has actually occurred, the immigrants have either not been Jews at all, or, if Jews, they have not belonged to the pauper class.—A Gedächtniss-Feier for the late Emperor William is to be held by the German community in London at the German Gymnasium, King's Cross, on Wednesday, the 4th of April.

OUR OBITUARY records the death of Lady Watkin, wife of Sir Edward Watkin, M.P.; in his sixty-eighth year, of Sir Frederick Graham, of Netherby, eldest son of the second Baronet, Sir James Graham, the well-known statesman; of Mr. F. H. Carew, second Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris, and Private Secretary to Lord Lytton; in his seventy-seventh year, of Vice-Admiral Spratt, who saw much service in the Black Sea during the Crimean War; of the Ven. Archdeacon P. R. Atkinson; in his fifty-eighth year, of the Rev. Henry W. Kemp, Canon of York, Master of the Charterhouse, Hull; of the Rev. H. F. Sutton, Hon. Canon of Lincoln Cathedral, an acknowledged authority in ecclesiastical art; in his eighty-first year, of the Rev. Samuel McAll, late Principal of Hackney College; of the Rev. Isaac Nelson, one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers in Ireland, who was elected a Home Rule member for County Leitrim in 1880, but some years ago retired from the Ministry and from political life; in his seventy-sixth year, of Dr. Robert G. Latham, author of many valuable works on philosophy and ethnology, widely known by his important edition of Johnson's Dictionary; in his fifty-fifth year, of Mr. Horace St. John, the author and journalist; and in his seventy-seventh year, of Mr. Thomas B. Curling, formerly one of the most eminent practising surgeons in London for thirty-six years, previously to 1869 senior surgeon to the London Hospital.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1883

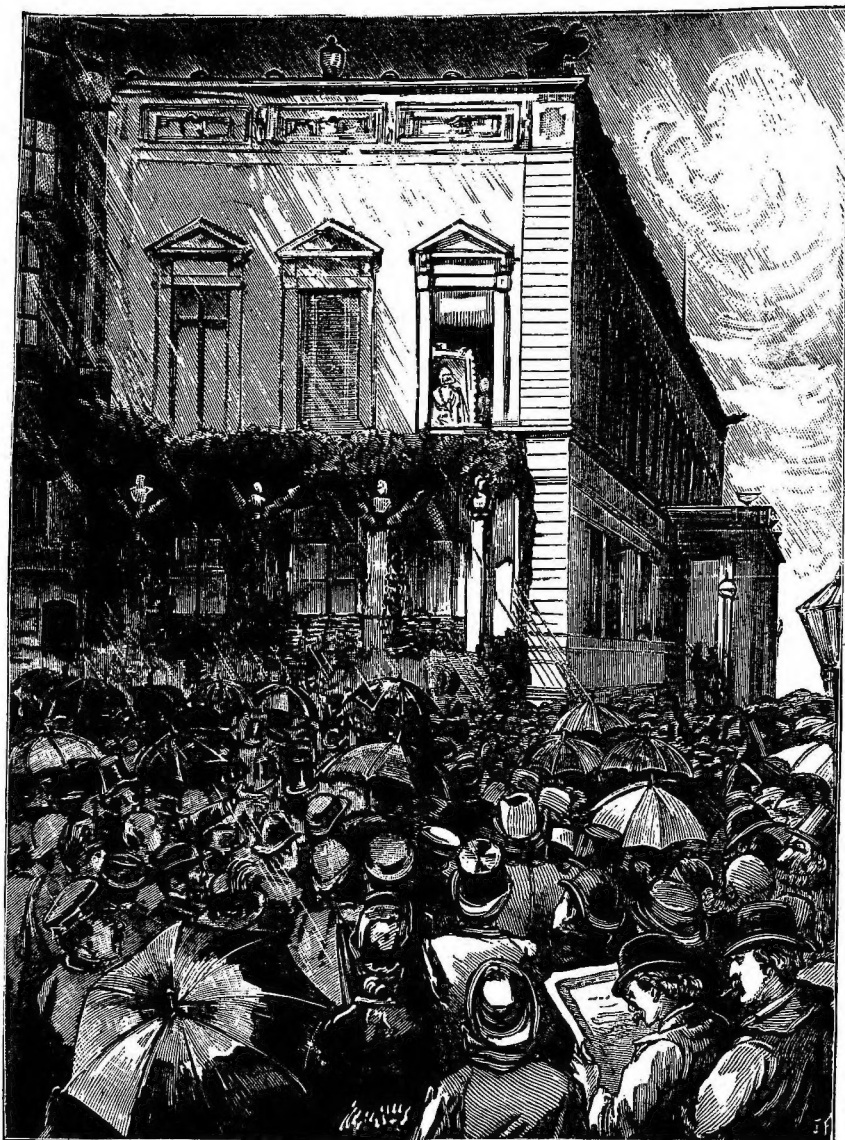


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (14th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

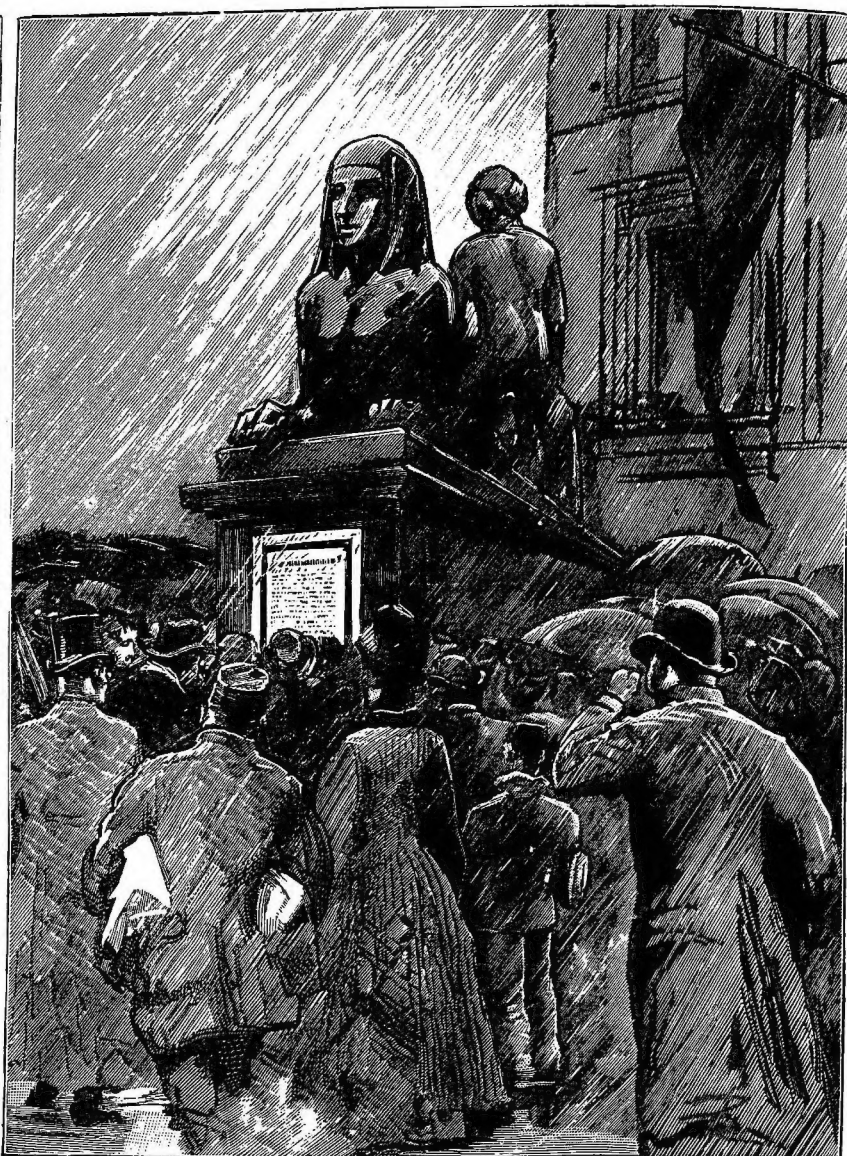
REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been rough and unsettled in nearly all parts of the country. At the commencement of the period a large area of low pressure was found off our extreme Northern Coasts, while the North-Western portion of an anticyclone lay over the South of France. Thus Southerly or South-Westerly winds were very general over our Islands, and in the South-West blew strongly, and, while some sleet fell at a few Northern Stations, mild showery weather prevailed in most other places. At some of the Scotch Stations, however, heavy rain (over an inch) was experienced. As this low pressure system moved away to the Northward it was followed on the next day, Friday (9th inst.), by another and much deeper one to our North-West Coasts, which subsequently moved Eastwards and filled up. During its prevalence South-Westerly gales were felt in many parts of the country, while the weather remained mild and showery generally. By Sunday morning (11th inst.) a third disturbance, both deep and well defined, had appeared over our South-West Coasts, and travelling quickly across Central England had reached Holland, by the following morning (12th inst.). It was accompanied by rather heavy South-Westerly or Westerly gales over the South of England and the Channel, and very unsettled rainy weather generally. Tuesday's (13th inst.) chart showed the approach to our Western Coasts of yet another disturbance, and this subsequently moved along the South Coasts of Ireland in an East-North-Easterly direction, producing as it did Easterly gales on our East Coasts with a distinct falling off in temperature at first, and showers of sleet or snow in most places. Later on temperature rose steadily, but at the close of the period there were no indications of any settled weather. Slight frost was felt towards the close of the week in most places, while during the early part of the time the thermometer showed readings as high as 61° at one or two places over Central England.

The barometer was highest (29.97 inches) on Thursday (8th inst.); lowest (28.75 inches) on Sunday (11th inst.); range 1.22 inch. The temperature was highest (56°) on Saturday (10th inst.); lowest (32°) on Tuesday (13th inst.); range 24°. Rain fell on seven days. Total fall 1.04 in. Greatest fall on any one day 0.28 in. on Sunday (11th inst.).





THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA EXHIBITING TO THE CROWD A PORTRAIT OF THE  
EMPEROR WILLIAM TO SHOW THAT HE STILL LIVED



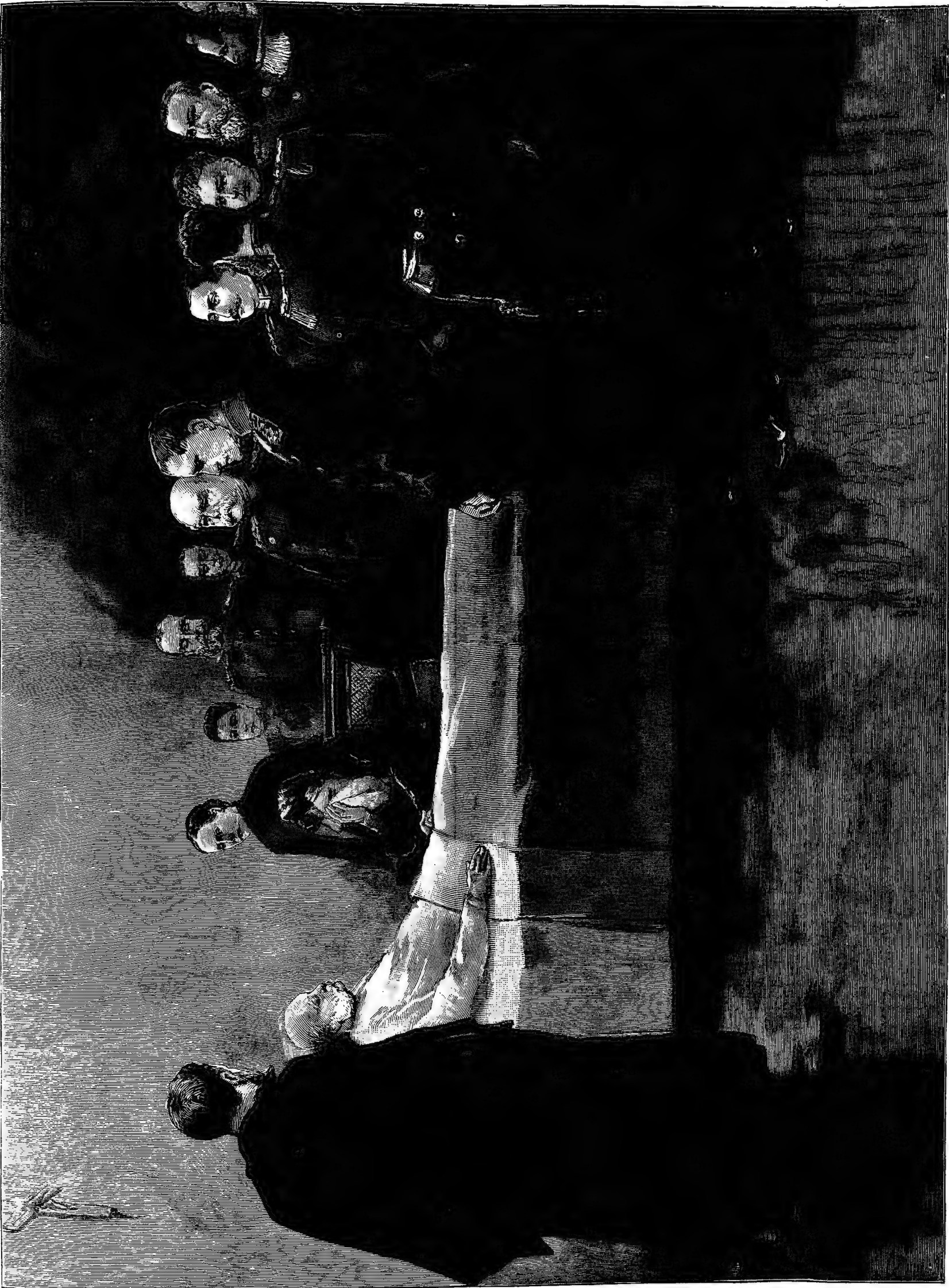
THE CROWD READING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF THE  
EMPEROR WILLIAM

THE LAST HOURS OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT BERLIN



THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. AT SAN REMO  
THE NEW EMPEROR QUITTING THE VILLA ZIRIO FOR BERLIN  
From a Sketch by "Mars," Our Special Artist





Grand Duchesses of Baden  
Empress Augusta  
Court-Chaplain Kugel  
Prince Regent of Brunswick  
Princess Regent of Brunswick  
Prince of Brunswick  
Dr. Laur  
Prince Bismarck  
Count Von Moltke  
Prince William  
Princess Frederick Charles  
Grand Duke of Baden

THE DEATH BED OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT BERLIN  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BERLIN

# William I., German Emperor, King of Prussia

(Continued from page 292)

IN our Supplement Mr. Beatty-Kingston has carried the Emperor's Memoir down to the year 1882. In the following year, the Emperor, in the presence of the King of Saxony and a large number of German Princes, uncovered the colossal statue of Germania which had been erected on the crags of the Niederwald, overlooking the Rhine near Rudesheim, to commemorate the victorious campaign against the French in 1870-1, and the subsequent establishment of German unity. On this occasion a plot was laid by the Socialists to blow up the Emperor and the monument, but was happily frustrated by a series of providential circumstances. In the same year the Emperor took an active interest in the celebration of the Quatercentenary of Martin Luther's birth. In the following year he laid the foundation of the German Parliament House at Berlin, and in the autumn journeyed to Skierniewice, where he met the Czar and the Emperor of Austria—that occasion being the last that the three Emperors conferred together. Both these years were marked by the establishment of better relations with Rome, where the Crown Prince visited the Pope in 1883; by the increase made to the German navy, which, in 1883, consisted of 108 war-ships, carrying 518 guns, and manned by 12,900 men; and by the marked movement in colonisation, upon which, indeed, the Emperor congratulated the Berlin Town Council in his New Year's Letter of 1885. In that year the Emperor met the Emperor of Austria at Gastein. In January, 1886, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Prussian Throne was enthusiastically commemorated throughout Germany, and on August 17th the Emperor celebrated at Potsdam the Centenary of the death of Frederick the Great. In September he attended the autumn manoeuvres for the last time. They took place near Strassburg, and the Emperor remained for hours in the saddle without evincing any fatigue. In March, 1887, the Emperor completed his ninetieth year, the occasion being hailed with national rejoicings. All the German Sovereigns and Princes, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Princes of Austria-Hungary, Denmark, and Sweden, the King and Queen of Roumania, and numerous Princes representing the various reigning Houses of Europe, assembled at Berlin to congratulate the Imperial nonagenarian. In June the Emperor laid the foundation-stone of the North Sea Canal, which will afford a passage to the heaviest German war vessels afloat, and thus materially increase the naval strength of the two great German arsenals—Wilhelmshaven and Kiel. Later in the year the Emperor went to Gastein, and for the last time was met by the Emperor of Austria, and, on returning to Berlin, was seriously ill for some time, his health having manifestly been affected by the precarious condition of the Crown Prince. Another shadow on the last year of his life was the misunderstanding which had sprung up with Russia, and which threatened to provoke a dangerous crisis. The Czar, however, came to Berlin in November, and—as is usually the case in personal interviews—important explanations were given and received, the Czar was shown to have been misled by forged political documents, and harmony was restored between the two nations. Coming to the present year, the Emperor held the official New Year receptions, and on January 21st, according to his usual custom, received the Presidents of the Prussian Diet, but the annual Chapter of the Black Eagle was postponed, in order to save His Majesty's strength. In February the Emperor was much saddened by the death of his grandson, Prince Louis of Baden, while, as we have said, the strain caused by the Crown Prince's protracted illness is said to have told unfavourably upon his system.

## THE LAST ILLNESS

ON Monday, March 5th, the Emperor appeared to be in his usual health, and transacted business as usual, but during the afternoon of the next day he had a very serious fainting fit, and on Wednesday morning it was manifest that his strength was fast failing him. Nevertheless, he had a long conversation with Prince William, who had just returned from visiting his father at San Remo. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden were sent for, and the outside world were prepared for the worst by the issue of medical bulletins announcing the Emperor's extreme danger. On Thursday it became evident that the end was imminent, and, with characteristic fortitude, the Emperor spent the day, so far as his fast-ebbing strength would allow, in making his last worldly arrangements, and in spiritual preparations for his journey into the great unknown. He conversed with sympathetic affection with the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden about the death of their son, about the condition of the Crown Prince, and "his own sick, nay, almost deathbed." At noon the Emperor expressed a wish to see the Chancellor, with whom he discussed the political situation, signed his last official document—a decree empowering Prince Bismarck to adjourn the Reichstag, and warmly thanked his old Minister for his great services. Shortly afterwards his words and thoughts became delirious, and his voice and strength still further failed him, so greatly indeed that the Royal Family and the Ministers of State were urgently summoned to the bedside, together with Dr. Kögel, the Court Chaplain, who after a short address repeated several appropriate texts, such as "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me"—the Emperor repeating after each, "That is beautiful." When the Chaplain continued, "I know that my Redeemer liveth; Christ is the Resurrection and the Life"—the Emperor exclaimed, "That is right." After an interval of great weakness the dying Monarch again rallied, and desiring Prince William to come near him, talked for a considerable time about the army and the Prussian people, alluding to Germany's alliances and possible wars, and certain foreign military institutions which had lately engaged his attention. He seems to have been particularly impressive as regards the Austrian alliance, and said, "If any one were treacherously to attack us, I should unhesitatingly draw the sword with the Emperor Francis Joseph, and fight to the last." He pronounced the Austrian Alliance to be the "Stronghold of Peace," but exhorted Prince William to "treat the Czar with consideration, for you know his character." On being asked by the Duchess of Baden whether he was not tired and did not wish to rest, he replied, "I have no time to be tired." Eventually the Emperor began again to wander, and in broken words talked of his troops and campaigning memories, and spoke of his absent son "Dear Fritz." He revived occasionally, and listened to the reading of the chaplain. When the latter repeated the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," the Grand Duchess of Baden asked her father if he had understood, and the Emperor repeated the last few words of the text. At one time he exclaimed, "I have had a dream—it was the last ceremony in the Cathedral." He had evidently been dreaming of his own lying in state.

## THE END

THE night passed thus in continual devotion, and from three o'clock on Friday morning the whole of the Royal Family and the Ministers of State were gathered around his bedside. The Empress held her husband's hand, while close by were Prince

William, the Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, Prince Albrecht of Prussia (Prince Regent of Brunswick), and other members of the Royal Family. The accounts of his last hours are given on the authority of the Court Chaplain. Dr. Kögel having repeated the text, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" the Grand Duchess of Baden again asked, "Papa, do you understand?" The answer once more was, "It is beautiful." Upon this the Duchess inquired, "Do you know that Mamma is sitting by your bed and holding your hand?" At these words the dying Emperor opened his eyes, and turned them for a long time upon the Empress. When he closed them again, it was for ever. Thus his last looks were for his wife. The approach of death being unmistakeable, the Chaplain pronounced a benediction upon the expiring Sovereign in the words, "The Lord bless thy going out and coming in from this time forth for evermore. Enter into peace. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Father, into Thy hands we commend his spirit. Thou hast redeemed him, O faithful God." When all was over the Imperial Family knelt down, and Dr. Kögel offered up a prayer, concluding with the words, "Have mercy upon our Royal House, our Nation, and Fatherland; and now in death fulfil to the Emperor the promise, 'I will bless thee; and thou shalt be a blessing.' Amen."

## THE LATE EMPEROR'S DAILY LIFE

THE German Emperor was a man of great stature, symmetry of figure, and physical strength—"fair, and of a ruddy countenance," looking at least twenty years younger than his age; equal to considerable exertion in the cause of pleasure or duty, and still delighting in all manly exercises of war or sport. Despite his fourscore years and ten, his seat on his charger was as firm, his aim with rifle or fowling piece as deadly, as that of the most skilled horseman or unerring shot in his realm. He was an early riser, and, even during the season, generally contrived to get to bed before midnight. His appetite was a vigorous one, and required attending to with due liberality thrice in every twenty-four hours; but, with respect to fermented liquors, he observed that true temperance which is as alien to total abstinence as it is to anything approaching excess. At his breakfast—a solid one, *à la fourchette*, or, *Anglicè*, "an early lunch"—he drank about half-a-pint of diluted claret, one-third wine and two-thirds water; at dinner the same, with one glass of champagne with his sweets, of which (as well as of all kinds of shell-fish) he was extremely fond; at supper a tumblerful of mineral water. In the early morning, about seven, he drank a cup of "white coffee," and ate one, or perhaps two, delicate "butter-bröddchen." From eight to nine he read letters and reports in his comfortable writing-room overlooking the Linden Avenue of Opernplatz. He then received Ministers, generals, and other high officials, listened to a digest of the news of the day read aloud to him by a confidential secretary, and to the State memoranda, prepared for his cognisance by the "vortragenden Räten," or Privy Councillors, whose privilege it was to keep His Majesty *au courant* of public affairs. These audiences were pretermitted on inspection mornings, as often as thrice a week during the Spring quarter, and scarcely less frequently throughout the "manœuvre" season. At 11.30 the Emperor breakfasted, generally alone—a strong *bouillon*, a few oysters or prawns, one dish of meat, and some fresh or preserved fruit. About one he drove out, when in Berlin; if at Babelsberg, he strolled quietly about his grounds in fine weather, and, should it rain, took a certain prescribed amount of pedestrian exercise in the great banquetting hall, round the walls of which his unrivalled collection of Old German "Humpen" (goblets and beakers) upon which he loved to look, is arranged. He dined at five, visited the theatre at about seven, and took tea there; supped copiously at ten, and retired to rest shortly after eleven. The Emperor never smoked, which may account for the fact that his digestion was absolutely unimpaired; but whenever any of his officers was dining or supping with him he was wont, when the coffee was brought in, to ask, "Has any one of you gentlemen a cigarette to spare?" and, selecting one from the cases eagerly proffered to him, to light it, draw from it one puff of smoke, and then let it go out as if through inadvertence. Knowing full well that nine-tenths of his guests were confirmed smokers, precluded by etiquette from indulging in their favourite habit until the example should be set them by their Sovereign, the Emperor waived his own strong dislike to the scent of tobacco in order that they might not be balked of any accustomed pleasure at his table. This was but one of numberless traits illustrating the genial amiability of his disposition. His sweetness of temper, benevolence, and mercifulness have long since been proverbial amongst his people. He was a living proof that a tender heart is not incompatible with an iron will, and that an absolute monarch, great conqueror, stern disciplinarian, inveterate believer in Divine Right, predestination and all manner of other reactionary dogmas, may be the best of sons, husbands, fathers, friends, and rulers, worshipped by his family and his dynastic subjects, revered and loved by the whole German nation, respected and esteemed by civilised humanity at large. Such was William of Hohenzollern, first German Emperor, a King of men, a soldier without fear or reproach, the noblest scion of a great race of warriors and statesmen.

## BERLIN IN MOURNING

THROUGHOUT the Emperor's illness dense crowds assembled before the palace eager to learn the news, and mournfully watched the coming and going of various Princes and Ministers. Officers who left the building were eagerly interrogated, and at one time as shown in one of our illustrations, the Empress Augusta calmed the popular apprehension by appearing at a window of the Palace, and pointing to the portrait of the Emperor to indicate that he was still alive. On Thursday the order which had been signed since November 17th, by which the Emperor empowered Prince William to act as his representative in all Government business, and to sign all documents, was published in the *Official Gazette*, and in the evening a report spread like wildfire that the Emperor was dead, but this was speedily contradicted. At half-past eight on Friday morning, however, immediately upon the Emperor's death, Berlin knew that all was over. Offices and places of business were closed for the day, the shops hanging out craped flags and exhibited portraits of the Emperor draped in black. All theatres and places of amusement were closed, and the city assumed the aspect of the deepest mourning. At the meeting of the Reichstag, every Deputy was in his place with folded arms, awaiting the arrival of Prince Bismarck and the Federal Council. At last the Chancellor appeared, the whole house rose, and with deep emotion the great statesman proceeded to announce the death of the master whom he had so powerfully assisted to make Germany a more powerful and united empire, and then next declared that by the Constitution the "Prussian crown, together with the Imperial dignity, had now passed to His Majesty Frederick III., King of Prussia." The Prince then spoke of the last document signed by the Emperor, who had declined to affix only his initials, declaring that he could still sign his own name. This document empowered the Prince to close the Reichstag, but he would not act upon it, he would add it to the archives of the House as an historical document bearing the Emperor's last signature which, as can be seen by the *facsimile* following, was very faltering and very unlike

the Emperor's ordinary writing, though the characteristic flourish is still there. The Prince then referred to the

universal sympathy shown to the Imperial House by all nations, and dwelt upon the fulfilment of the late Emperor's main life's task, which had so satisfactorily "embellished and illuminated the evening of his life," namely, "the establishment and consolidation of the national unity." This satisfaction, the Prince added, was greatly due to the fact that within the past few weeks, by "a rare unanimity of all the dynasties, of all the races of Germany, and of all the sections of the Reichstag, the nation passed a resolution which was felt by us to be necessary for securing the future of the German Empire from all the perils which threatened it" (*i.e.*, the army extension measure). His Majesty only on the preceding day, in the very last conversation he had with him, expressed his consolation at the "proof of the unity of the German nation." "Gentlemen," Prince Bismarck concluded, "may the heroic valour, the high sense of national honour, and, above all things, the faithful and laborious devotion to duty in the service of the Fatherland, and the love for it which were embodied in our deceased Sovereign—may these qualities, I say, which our departed Emperor has left behind him, become the indestructible inheritance of our nation. I hope to God that this inheritance may be faithfully treasured by us in peace and war, with heroism, with loyalty, with love of labour and devotion to duty by all of us especially who have to take part in the business of our Fatherland." The President then adjourned the Reichstag in a few appropriate words. Similar announcements were made in the Chambers of the Prussian Diet, and a bulletin stating that the Emperor was dead, was posted in the public places. The troops were also formally sworn in, the Guards performing the ceremony in the Friedrichs Platz. The new Emperor in his first despatch to Prince Bismarck, after thanking him and the State Ministers for the devotion and loyalty with which they had served the late Emperor enjoined with regard to public mourning that no order should be issued, but that it should be left to every German to give expression to his grief as he considered suitable. As to official mourning a notice, issued by the Master of the Ceremonies, orders mourning to be worn for three months, and the bells of all churches in Germany to be tolled for a fortnight between noon and one o'clock.

## REMOVAL OF THE EMPEROR'S REMAINS TO THE CATHEDRAL

A FEW hours after the Emperor's death the painter, Herr Anton von Werner, made a sketch of the deceased Monarch, Professor Begas took a cast of his face, and the Court photographer photographed the death chamber. As will be seen in the illustration of the Emperor's death bed the Emperor's bedroom was most simply furnished. He always slept on an iron camp bedstead—at the head of which was a wooden crucifix. This bedstead accompanied him in his campaigns, and even on his journeys in more peaceful times. On Saturday morning Divine Service was held in the death chamber at the command of the Empress Augusta—all the royal and princely personages of the family being present. The Court officials and domestics of the household were admitted to take a last farewell of the Emperor. The Empress Augusta was present, and, though suffering so severely herself that she was barely able to move her arms, she presented each with a flower or leaf from the bed as a memento of their beloved master. In the evening the body was embalmed after a post-mortem examination, which resulted in the discovery of a large calculus, which had long been a source of infinite pain to the Emperor. On Sunday night at midnight the body was borne to the Dom, where it lay in State until yesterday—the day of the funeral. The coffin was carried to the doors of the Palace by chosen servants of the household, and delivered to twelve stalwart non-commissioned officers of the Guard, who were to bear it to the Dom. The procession was headed by a squadron of the Body Guard and of the First Foot Guards, the latter wearing the conical head gear of the time of Frederick the Great. Next came the coffin, and then the mourners, headed by Prince William, and other Princes of the Family. Silently the procession wended its way to the Cathedral, the way being lined by thousands of people who, despite the bitter cold and driving snow, thronged the streets. Arrived at the Dom the coffin was placed on the catafalque which had been prepared for its reception, and left in charge of the guard of officers, who had been specially selected for this honourable duty. The interior of the building was draped in black, but around the bier had been placed a dense mass of foliage and magnificent flowers. The body of the Emperor according to his own directions had been clad in the Guards' uniform of the 1st Regiment of Prussian Foot Guards, with the well-known "Hohenzollern" cloak wrapped around him, his undress cap on his head, and his chief war decorations on his breast. The expression on his face is described as just what it was in life, "in fact as he must have looked, when at the close of a sultry march or a hard-fought battle, he lay down to take a sweet restoring sleep." Round the catafalque were huge candelabra with candles—while four tabourets bore the Prussian crown, the Imperial sceptre, and other Imperial and Royal insignia. Prince William was one of the first to arrive in the morning to superintend the last arrangements, and he was followed by a number of officers who brought wreaths to lay at the foot of the bier. Then came the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the new Empress Victoria with her daughters, who remained some time in prayer before the body. At one o'clock the church was opened to the general public, who throughout this and the two following days streamed in an unbroken line past the remains of their beloved Monarch. So great was the throng that thousands waited for many hours in the streets and snow and biting wind, only to be disappointed at the close, by seeing the doors shut before they could get near the building. The funeral was to take place on Friday, when the remains of the great Emperor would be taken to the Royal Mausoleum at Charlottenberg to rest beside those of his father and mother. The Emperor would not attend the funeral himself, but apart from the throng of mourners of the German family, the various nations of Europe would each be represented by some distinguished personages as follows—England by the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and the Duke of Cambridge; Austria by the Crown Prince Rudolph; Russia by the Czarévitch; Italy by the Prince of Naples; Belgium by King Leopold; Denmark by the Crown Prince; Portugal by Dom Augusto, the King's brother; Roumania



by King Charles; and the remaining countries by distinguished officers specially selected for the post of honour.

### THE DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. FROM SAN REMO

THE Emperor Frederick received the news of his father's death while walking in the garden of the Villa Zirio at San Remo. Although prepared for the sad event, as the Empress Augusta had warned him by telegraph that the end was near, he was greatly distressed. The onerous duties of his new position, however, did not permit him leisure to indulge in grief, and he spent the day in attending to State business, and replying to the despatches and messages which at once began to pour in upon him. At San Remo the greatest sympathy prevailed for the Emperor and his family, and, as our sketches show, much eagerness was displayed to obtain a glimpse of him if he should, as usual, appear on the terrace. Neither the Emperor or Empress, or the Princesses appeared in public, however, but merely took what exercise was absolutely necessary in the Villa garden, and on Saturday morning at half-past nine the Imperial party left for Berlin in the special train which had been in readiness for some days. Much anxiety was expressed on all sides with regard to the risk the Emperor would encounter by the journey, and Sir Morell Mackenzie could only take every possible precaution against his august patient catching cold by the way. The Emperor and Empress were seen off at the station by the local authorities, and the German and English Vice-Consuls, and shook hands with several people when wishing them good-bye. Large crowds also had assembled outside the station, and warmly cheered the Imperial party. At Sampierdarena, the Emperor was met by King Humbert and Signor Crispi. The interview was most cordial. The two Monarchs embraced several times, and the Emperor expressed his satisfaction that King Humbert should have been the first Sovereign he had met after his assumption of the Imperial dignity. Signor Crispi also had an interview, the Emperor carrying on all conversation by writing on slips of paper. The Emperor wore civilian dress with a heavy overcoat, the collar upturned, while a neckcloth further protected his throat. His face was very pallid, but he assured King Humbert that he felt better than for a long time past. Continuing the journey by the Brenner Pass, the Emperor arrived at Munich at half-past eight on Sunday morning, where he was greeted by the Queen-Mother of Bavaria, and later in the day he reached Leipzig, where the whole Prussian Ministry, headed by Prince Bismarck, were in waiting to meet him. The Emperor warmly embraced Prince Bismarck, who accompanied him on the rest of the journey to Charlottenburg. The Prince, himself, was very unwell, the great strain caused by the events of the past few days had told severely upon him, and caused a return of the pain from swelling of veins in his legs. Indeed he was so unwell that he was accompanied by his physician, Dr. Schweninger, and has since been compelled to lie completely by. It is said that he was affected to tears when watching the Emperor writing his questions to him in place of speaking. The Emperor arrived at the West End Station, Berlin, near Charlottenburg on Monday evening, was met by Prince William, and at once drove to the Palace. There a sedan chair had been provided for him in order to carry him upstairs if necessary, but the Emperor, alighting, walked upstairs two at a time, and, going to his study, worked there until one o'clock next morning. Although Sir Morell Mackenzie and his colleagues gave a good account of the Emperor's condition, and the manner in which he had borne the fatigue of the journey, it was not considered prudent that he should brave the inclement weather and—much as he ardently desired to do so—pay a last visit to his father's remains. The Emperor has been kept as quiet as possible, and has only received one deputation, that from the Berlin Municipality. On Wednesday the Empress Dowager drove over from Berlin to see him.

### THE EMPEROR'S PROCLAMATION

ON assuming the Imperial dignity, the Emperor's first act was to notify to Prince Bismarck that he would assume the title of Frederick III. As when Crown Prince he had been known as Frederick William, this caused some little surprise, until it was remembered that as a boy he had been always called Prince Frederick. On Monday he issued a proclamation, in which, after alluding to the glorious career of his father, he said, "I will strive to continue the work in the same spirit which presided over its foundation, to make Germany a protector of peace, and to further the welfare of Germany in harmony with the Federal Governments and the constitutional organs of the Empire and of Prussia." He expressed the confidence with which he met his faithful people, and declared that, "on the basis of the inseparable union of Prince and nation—which, independent of all political changes, is the imperishable heritage of the Hohenzollerns, my Crown rests as secure as the prosperity of the country over which I am called upon to rule, and to which I vow to be a just King, faithful in joy and sorrow. May God grant me his blessing and strength for the work to which my life shall henceforth be dedicated." Accompanying this proclamation was a letter addressed to Prince Bismarck, in which the Emperor tells the Chancellor that as his father's faithful and brave adviser he had above all perils. These may be broadly summed up as follows. Adhesion to constitutional forms, and respect for the rights no less of the people than of the Federal Governments, the maintenance unweakened of "my tried army and growing navy, which has serious duties before it in the protection of our possessions beyond the sea," the impartial toleration of all creeds and professions [this is considered to imply a condemnation of the *Judenhetze* movement], furtherance of the economic progress of every class of society . . . without, however, exciting the expectation that this can be done by State interference [this is evidently a reproof of State Socialism], the higher education of youth, financial reform and the checking of extravagance in the public service, and "the full development of the rich progress of German science and art." Of course there are all sorts of rumours as to the changes which the Emperor intends to inaugurate, but it is probable that for the present at least he will depart from the footsteps of his father. The hopes of the Liberals, however, have been greatly raised by the opinions expressed in this letter, and by the well-known fact that the Emperor as Crown Prince has never supported the hard and unbending rule of the Iron Chancellor. It is certain that the Emperor intends to rule himself as long as life is permitted to him, but to provide for all eventualities he has given to Prince William the same authorisation to act for him in case of emergency as the young Prince had received from the late Emperor William.

### FOREIGN OPINIONS

NO sooner was the death of the Emperor William announced than messages of condolence poured upon his successor, from every European nation. Court gaieties of every nature were immediately abandoned in every capital. In ITALY and AUSTRIA, the Parliaments immediately adjourned their sittings as a mark of respect. In SPAIN, Queen Christina telegraphed her condolence; and in DENMARK, the State dinner in honour of the Prince of Wales's Silver Wedding was postponed.—In BELGIUM the President of the Chamber announced the news to the delegates in the most sympathetic terms.—In GREECE all Court balls and the carnival festivities were suspended for a week, and the theatres

were closed. In RUSSIA, although it was the Czar's birthday, the usual Court reception did not take place at St. Petersburg. The entertainments at the Palace, as well as the performances in the Imperial Theatres were countermanded, as also all the illuminations.—In FRANCE, for political reasons, the matter was not officially announced in the Chambers, but President Carnot telegraphed a message of condolence, receiving in the reply thanks for his sympathy, and the following words from the new Emperor: "I have been very deeply touched by the evidence of the interest taken in me during my illness by the French nation." The French while not pretending much sympathy for the Conqueror of 1870, who annexed Alsace and Lorraine, render homage to the military qualities of the late, and the honest kind-heartedness of the new Emperor. Speculation has been rife as regards the influence which the accession of Frederick III. may have upon the political situation, but, as he is universally recognised as a "man of peace," it is generally thought that the prospects of hostilities have still further receded. This feeling has been heightened by the tone of the Emperor's letter to Prince Bismarck. Consequently the Bourse, that unfailing international barometer of public opinion, has remained perfectly steady.

### OTHER FOREIGN NEWS OF THE WEEK

THE death of the Emperor William, its attendant ceremonials, and the accession of Frederick III. have caused a complete lull in political circles this week, and there are few noteworthy facts to chronicle. BULGARIA has returned no answer to the Turkish Note giving Prince Ferdinand notice to quit. The Prince has held a Cabinet Council on the subject, but no decision appears to have been come to. It is generally considered that a delay will occur in the settlement of the crisis, owing to the death of the German Emperor, and that Bulgaria will assume a passive attitude, and not part with her ruler until absolutely compelled to do so.

In FRANCE the Boulanger fever continues, and much attention has been drawn to a speech the gallant general made last week to the Lycée of Clermont-Ferrand, in which he told the scholars that France was the first of all nations, and that they must work hard to restore her to the foremost place which belonged to her, and which she should never have lost. The new Boulangist organ *La Cocarde* has appeared, but its tone is tamer than had been expected. M. Jules Ferry is, of course, the chief object of attack. It is stated that the French Government wholly support England's revision of the Porte's emendations to the Suez Canal Convention. President Carnot is going to make a tour through the southern provinces, and will probably make Lille his first halting place.

In the UNITED STATES an extraordinary blizzard has visited New York. On Monday a terrific snowstorm burst over the city, completely stopping all traffic. The snow drifted in heaps in the streets, some eight feet deep, and the wind was so violent that when people ventured into the streets it took away their breath. The snow blinded their eyes, and progress was almost impossible. Not a tramcar or omnibus was able to run. The elevated railway attempted to do so, but by eight o'clock was completely blocked, and the trains remained standing in lines for miles filled with passengers, who were afraid to get out and walk along the line, and only ventured by twos or threes, reaching shelter with their hair and beards massed with ice and snow. All business was absolutely at a standstill, the banks and shops remained closed, and the Exchange only opened with twenty persons, and immediately suspended operations. Those persons who ventured in the streets were to be seen clinging to trees for support against the gale, or turning breezy corners upon their hands and knees. Huge snow-ploughs driven along the tramway-lines by a score of horses had to be abandoned in the streets. The tramcar-drivers unhitched their horses and left their cars wherever they happened to be. During the wildest part of the storm there was a collision on the elevated railway, in which the engine-driver was killed and a number of persons injured. The storm is believed to be unparalleled in New York, and extended over a wide area, completely interrupting all communication, and isolating New York from the rest of the world. Next day the storm somewhat abated, but business could only be partially resumed, and no communication could be held with other towns. Boston and Philadelphia also suffered severely, and telegrams between New York and Boston had to be sent *via* London.

In INDIA it is now stated that the following offers of money and troops have been made by feudatory Princes to the Government. The total amount of money offered reaches 1,03,80,000 rupees, including Hyderabad, 60,00,000 rupees; Cashmere, 10,00,000 rupees; Jodhpore, 10,00,000 rupees; Bhurtore, 8,00,000 rupees; Kota, 6,00,000 rupees; Kapurthala, 5,00,000 rupees; Nabha, 4,00,000 rupees; and Maler Kotla, 80,000 rupees. Other princes express a wish to raise and maintain a suitable military force trained by British officers, contingents of troops, and money aid. With regard to the Sikkim Expedition, the Viceroy has been unsuccessful in his attempt to induce the Rajah of Sikkim to discuss the political situation at a personal interview. The Phodong Lama, however, had a meeting with the Viceroy, and states that the people of Sikkim seek British protection against the Thibetan aggression. The Thibetans are said to be endeavouring to collect levies in the Chumbi Valley. Colonel Graham has arrived at Padong, and taken charge of the Expeditionary force. The fort erected at Lingtu, right across our trade route, and garrisoned by Thibetan soldiers, is said to consist of a stone wall twelve feet high and four feet thick, with bastions at either end. The Chinese Government has recalled its Resident from Lhasa as a mark of Imperial displeasure.



THE Queen came to London at the close of last week, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and their children, in order to be present at the Silver Wedding Festivities of the Prince and Princess of Wales. On Thursday week Her Majesty accepted at Buckingham Palace, the gold medal from the Royal Society of Arts, and subsequently received Prince Anton Radziwill, who brought an autograph letter from the Empress of Germany. The Queen then drove out with Princess Beatrice, and visited the Duchess of Cambridge. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales with their family dined with the Queen. On Friday morning Her Majesty received news of the death of the Emperor of Germany, and the Prince arrived at the Palace. After a brief conversation the Prince left, shortly returning dressed in a brief conversation to the Empress Victoria at San Remo. The grams of condolence to the Empress Victoria, Prince Christian, and Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince Christian, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein dined with the Queen in the evening, and subsequently the King of the Belgians arrived at the Palace, and was received by Her Majesty. Saturday was occupied with the Silver Wedding proceedings described elsewhere. On Sunday Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, the Ven. F. W. Farrar, assisted by the Very Rev. R. Davidson, officiated. In the afternoon Her Majesty drove out, and on Monday Prince

Lucien Bonaparte lunched at the Castle, and Prince and Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg dined with Her Majesty. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales lunched with the Queen. The Court will remain in mourning for the late Emperor of Germany until 7th April. After the 23rd instant black dresses may be relieved by white gloves, and during the last fortnight coloured ribbons and grey or white dresses with flowers may be donned. Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, will leave Windsor on Tuesday next, the 20th inst., for Italy. The Queen will go by train to Portsmouth, and after sleeping on board the *Victoria and Albert* will cross the Channel on the 21st to Cherbourg, travelling *via* Paris to Florence, where the Court will stay about three weeks. The Princess of Wales will hold a Drawing-Room on Her Majesty's behalf on the 23rd instant. and Her Majesty will hold two Drawing-Rooms in May.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales, met the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark at Charing Cross Station, and accompanied them to Marlborough House. Subsequently Prince Anton Radziwill and his son Prince George were received by the Prince at Marlborough House. On Friday the Prince also received the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, bringing an autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria announcing the appointment of the Prince of Wales to the Hon. Colonelcy of the 12th Hussar Regiment in the Austro-Hungarian Army. On Sunday the King of the Belgians lunched and dined with the Prince and Princess. On Monday the King of the Belgians again lunched at Marlborough House, and in the evening the Prince of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George, went to Victoria Station to take leave of his Majesty on his departure for Brussels. On Tuesday evening the Prince of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince Christian, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Duke of Cambridge left London for Berlin in order to attend the funeral of the late Emperor of Germany on Friday, being joined at Brussels by the King of the Belgians. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor return to England immediately after the funeral. The Prince will hold a levée on behalf of the Queen on the 21st inst.

Prince and Princess Christian and family attended Divine Service at the German Chapel Royal on Sunday. Princess Henry of Battenberg will lay the foundation stone of the Queen Victoria Almshouses for Widows at Greenwich on 23rd June. The marriage of Prince Oscar of Sweden and Miss Munck was to take place at Bournemouth on Thursday. The Duchess of Albany and the Crown Princess of Denmark arrived on Wednesday at Bournemouth in order to be present.



MADAME SCHUMANN.—The physical strength of this veteran pianist is, it seems, hardly equal to the strain recently imposed on it. Madame Schumann had intended last Saturday to take part in her husband's pianoforte quintet as well as playing some solos, but the programme was found too much for her, and the quintet was abandoned. This week, save as to playing Chopin's concerto in F minor at the Philharmonic—not a very arduous task—the distinguished player will take a week's holiday, reappearing at the Popular Concerts on Monday.

DEATHS.—The sudden death, at Florence, last Saturday, of Signor Ciro Pinsuti was not generally known till Wednesday, when the news was read with grief by a wide circle of friends and admirers. Although born in Italy (May 9th, 1829) Pinsuti was chiefly educated, and he spent a great portion of his career, in this country. He was the son of a poor pianist, and at the age of ten he made his *débüt* as a "prodigy." Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P., heard him, and, unwilling that such talent should be wasted, he withdrew the boy from public life, maintained him in his own house, and caused him to be taught by Cipriani Potter, then Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and Henry Blagrove. It has been reported that a similar offer was recently made by an American philanthropist to little Josef Hofmann, although the statement is now denied. After leaving England Pinsuti studied under Rossini, and, in 1848, returned to this country, where he resided till 1885. Three years ago he resigned his Professorship at the Royal Academy of Music, which he had held for nearly thirty years, and returned to his native village, Sinalunga, near Siena, Italy, spending the winter in Florence. There on Friday, last week, he was, while playing the piano, suddenly seized with cerebral apoplexy, and died within twenty-four hours. Pinsuti's English and Italian songs and his beautiful part-songs have been very popular. He wrote three operas, a *Te Deum*, about 250 songs, thirty-five duets, eighteen trios, and about fifty part songs, besides several works still in manuscript. He was a pianist, a violinist, and a successful singing-teacher, among the famous artists who have had the benefit of his advice being Grisi, Mario, Angiolina Bosio, Madame Patti, Ronconi, and Graziani.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday Mr. Charles Fry ably recited a translation of Bürger's poem, "The Minstrel's Curse," to a new orchestral accompaniment by Mr. Frederick Corder. The idea is more or less a development of that already adopted, for pianoforte accompaniment only, by Schumann and Liszt. But Mr. Corder has gone a step further in orchestrating his original pianoforte version, and especially in making his accompaniment more or less illustrative and dramatic, and in avowedly quoting the well-known phrase of Siegmund's apostrophe of the Spring in the final duet of Wagner's *Walküre*.

THE CLAVI-HARP.—A harp placed on end and twanged by *plectra* set in motion from a key board is of course no novelty. We have, however, no doubt that the mechanism of the new clavi-harp introduced last Tuesday at Prince's Hall by Mr. Cummings has novel points, although they were not visible from the auditorium of a concert hall. It can therefore now only be said that the clavi-harp, as most admirably played by Mdlle. Eugène Dratz, sounds more or less like an ordinary harp, and is said to be lighter and more easily manipulated and kept in tune. Its effect under the fingers of so expert a performer as Mdlle. Dratz is certainly charming. The inventor is M. Dietz, a civil engineer of Brussels.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Verdi's *Requiem* was revived at the Albert Hall last week, but the work was not received with the enthusiasm with which it was greeted when Signor Verdi himself, at the head of a chosen quartet of Italian vocalists, directed it in the same building thirteen years ago. Mr. Lloyd, however, won a great success, which we are glad to see was generously acknowledged by the Italian music journals.—On Tuesday Dr. Mackenzie conducted his oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, at St. James's Hall. The chief artists were Madame Nordica, Miss Hope Glenn, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley.—The last afternoon. Ballad Concert took place on Wednesday, when concerts were likewise given by the students at the Royal College of Music and the Guildhall School of Music.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Christine Nilsson's farewell are now fixed for the Albert Hall on May 31st and June 2nd.—Madame Sembrich will arrive in London early in June, when she will give two afternoon concerts at St. James's Hall.—The hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Royal Society





CROWD WAITING OUTSIDE THE VILLA ZIRIO TO SEE THE NEW EMPEROR ON THE FIRST DAY OF HIS REIGN

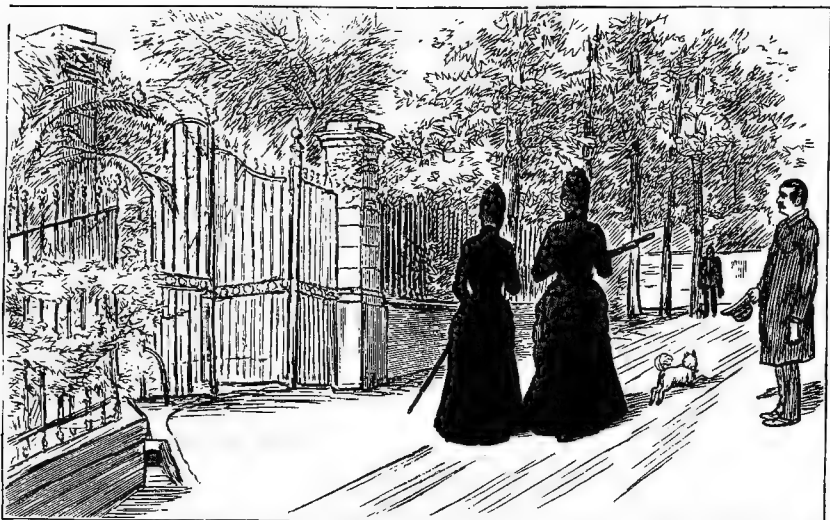


A PRUSSIAN OFFICER PREPARING TO PHOTOGRAPH HIS NEW EMPEROR ON THE FIRST DAY OF HIS REIGN



The Emperor's Pet Silesian Spitzel

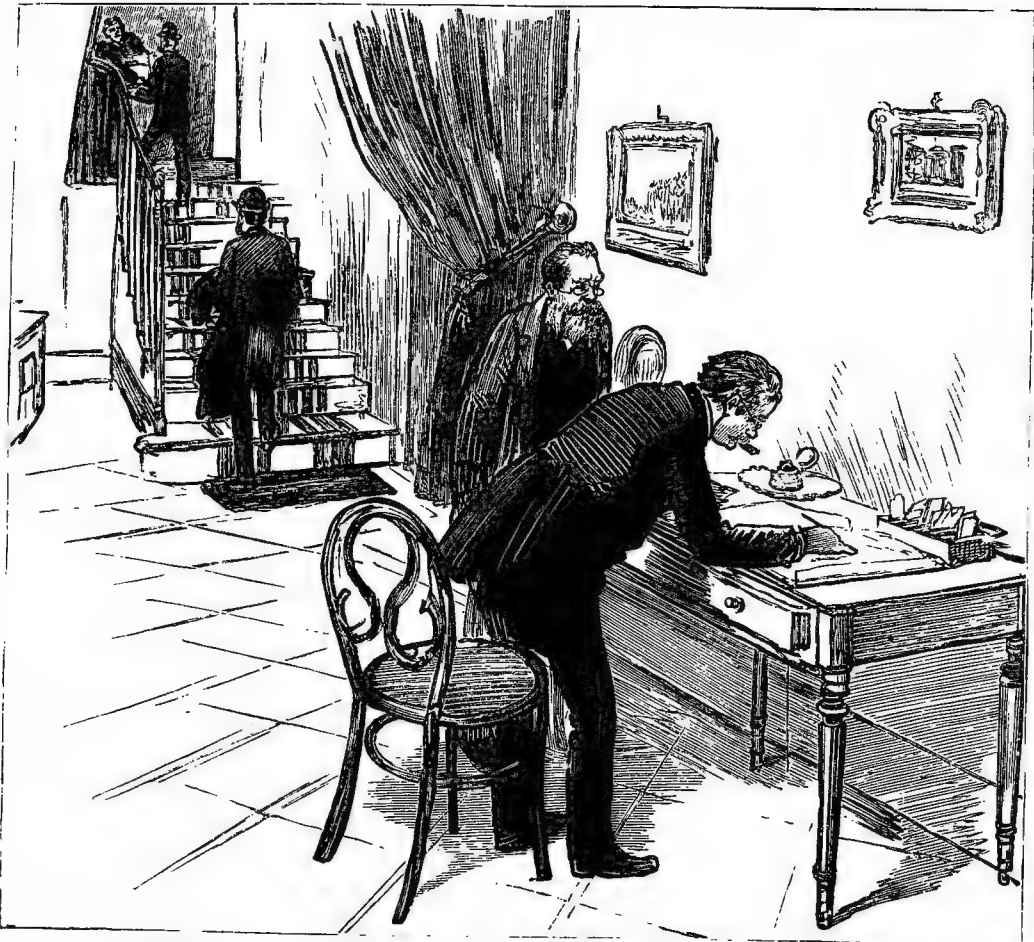
THE NEW EMPEROR IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA ZIRIO ON THE FIRST DAY OF HIS REIGN



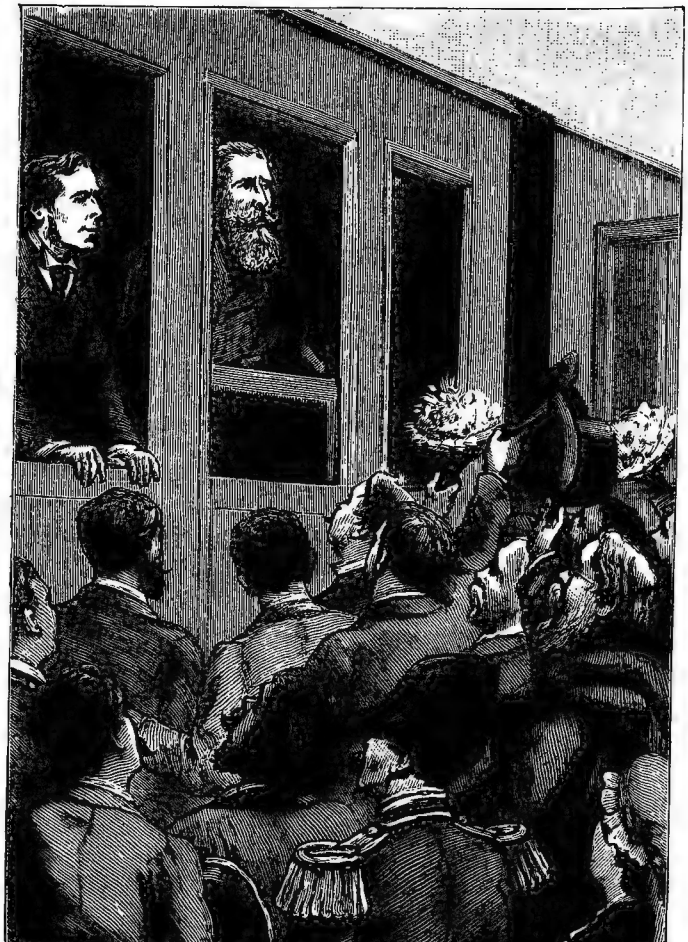
THE EMPRESS VICTORIA TAKING HER FIRST WALK AT SAN REMO AS GERMAN EMPRESS



PREPARATIONS FOR QUITTING VILLA ZIRIO—PORTERS LOADING THE NEW EMPEROR'S BAGGAGE



THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW EMPEROR'S REIGN—GERMAN RESIDENTS AT SAN REMO INSCRIBING THEIR NAMES IN THE VISITORS' BOOK, VILLA ZIRIO



THE NEW EMPEROR LEAVING SAN REMO BY SPECIAL TRAIN FOR BERLIN

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. AT SAN REMO  
FROM SKETCHES BY "MARS," OUR SPECIAL ARTIST





AN ITALIAN DETECTIVE FROM GENOA STOPPING ENGLISH VISITORS NEAR THE VILLA ZIRIO



GIRLS IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA ZIRIO GATHERING OLIVES FOR THE IMPERIAL FAMILY TO TAKE TO BERLIN



THE HEAD GARDENER



A SAXON OFFICER AND AN ITALIAN BLUE-JACKET SALUTING THE NEW EMPEROR

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. AT SAN REMO.—SOME ODDS AND ENDS  
FROM SKETCHES BY "MARS," OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



1. One of Three Vases presented by Fifty Gentlemen, Personal Friends of the Prince
2. Tankard, of Antique Design, from the Servants of Marlborough House
3. Covered Drinking Cup, from Sir Henry and Lady Knight
4. Silver Flagon, from Her Majesty the Queen and the Brothers and Sisters of the Prince of Wales
5. One of Two Silver Urns, from the Queen's Household

6. One of Thirteen Old Irish Cups, (made in Dublin in 1678), presented by Irish Peers
7. Diamond Tiara, Presented by 365 Ladies, Personal Friends of the Princess of Wales. Cost 4,400/.
8. Silver Model of Old War Ship, from the Empress Eugénie
9. Ormolu Gilt Clock, from the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland
10. Necklace of Diamonds and Sapphires, from the Emperor and Empress of Russia

11. Agate Bowl, mounted on Lapis Lazuli Stem, from the Comte and Comtesse de Paris
12. Silver Album, from the Windsor Tradesmen of the Prince of Wales
13. Miniature Violin in Silver, from Lady Shannon
14. Embossed Silver Plaque, from the Officers of the 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment (Princess of Wales's Own)
15. Silver Brooch set with Diamonds, from Her Majesty the Queen to the Princess of Wales

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES  
SOME OF THE SILVER WEDDING PRESENTS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE



of Musicians will be celebrated by a banquet at St. James's Hall on May 8th.—Señor Sarasate will arrive in England during the first week of May, and will give his first concert on the 5th of that month.—The popular concert artist, Miss Mary Davies, will on the 22nd inst. be married at Tolmer's Square Church, Hampstead Road, to Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies.—Dr. Mackenzie will commence his duties as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music on the 18th prox.—Madame Patti fully intends to return to England in the autumn, and has signed engagements to sing for Messrs. Harrison at the Royal Albert Hall on November 20th and December 11th.



SIR GEORGE CHETWYND has made up his mind to bring against the Earl of Durham the action for libel recommended by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. He claims damages to the amount of 20,000l.

THE QUESTIONS at issue between the Metropolitan District and the Metropolitan Railway Companies which have formed the subject of considerable litigation have been again decided by the Court of Appeal in favour of the District Company. The public are thus confirmed in the possession of a right given them by former judicial decisions—namely, that passengers from stations on the District line are not to be compelled to travel over the Metropolitan line or northern branch of the Inner Circle in preference to the southern or District branch.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS have given, on appeal, an important decision which, it is likely, will affect the future procedure of bankers in lending money for financing purposes on securities deposited with them. The Earl of Sheffield was interested in some operations in Egypt conducted by an English engineer, who became involved in pecuniary difficulties. To aid him, Lord Sheffield placed in his hands securities worth 31,000l., authorising him to raise on them a loan of 26,000l. With this object, the engineer transferred them to a money-lender largely engaged in such transactions, and he, depositing the whole of the securities with bankers, procured the loans required. Eventually the money-lender became a bankrupt, with liabilities of his own to the banks in question. Thereupon Lord Sheffield applied to them for the restoration of his securities, offering to repay them the 26,000l. of which he had authorised the loan. But the bankers maintained that the securities, covering the larger amount, belonged to them as creditors of the money-lender. The Court of Appeal supported their claim, but the House of Lords rejected it, on the ground that the bankers must have known that the securities deposited with them were the property, not of the money-lender, but of his client, or that they knew enough to have led them to make inquiries as to the ownership.

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS at the Greenwich Police Court, from which he is about to be transferred to a police magistracy in London, has given an account of his disposal of the money entrusted to him for the relief of the unemployed in his district. He has relieved something like 4,200 families, and not a penny has been expended on anything but relief. He availed himself of the opportunity to ask the working classes, especially painters and boiler-makers, of whom there are many in the district normally receiving good wages, to remember during the summer, when work is plentiful, that there will be heavy weather again next winter.



PASTIMES.—There has been plenty of racing since we last wrote. At Kempton Park, last week, Trap took the Sunbury Hurdle Handicap, while Gunpowder beat Johnny Longtail and Edward in the March Handicap Steeplechase, and Kilworth and Brave added to their recent successes. Delandre (with his owner, Mr. C. J. Cunningham, up) secured the chief event at the Quorn and Donnington Hunt Meeting, at which Ranksborough was also successful. Both the last-named scored again at the Leicester Meeting, where Redpath secured the Mapperley Handicap and Haridan the March Handicap Hurdle Race, beating Gonfalon and half-a-dozen others. The chief event at Croydon on Friday, last week, was the Grand International Hurdle Race. This was won by Freedom, who seems to have taken kindly to the jumping business. Briar-root won the Qualifying Steeplechase, Halmi the Stewards' Steeplechase, and Homebred floored the heavy odds laid on Peter's Pence in the Surrey Hunters' Flat Race. Next day Bellona won the United Kingdom Steeplechase from a moderate field, Captain Middleton won a fine race on his Doneraile in the Croydon Hunters' Steeplechase, and Mogalore secured the Selling Qualifying Steeplechase. The last-named scored again at Derby on Tuesday in a similar event.

THE RING.—To the surprise of the general public, who did not credit Mitchell with a real intention to meet Sullivan, the long-promised fight duly took place on Saturday, the scene being the training-ground of Baron Rothschild, near Chantilly. Fight, we have called it, but, after the first few rounds, it degenerated into a foot-race, as the combatants dodged one another round the 24 ft. ring. These tactics naturally made the rounds very long, two of them lasting about half-an-hour each, and it was not till thirty-nine rounds had been "fought," and more than three hours expended, that a draw was mutually agreed upon. Both the principals and the spectators were afterwards arrested by the gendarmes. The latter were at once released, and the former let out on bail, which they have since forfeited. The result of the encounter proves that Sullivan is not the "hurricane fighter" he is styled by his friends, or he would easily have settled his opponent. Mitchell, on the other hand, proved himself a clever boxer, and, in the matter of getting away, fully capable of utilising the advantages of the big ring. What with this "fizzle" and the draws between Smith and Kilrain, Smith and Knifon, and Smith and Greenfield, the public must be getting pretty tired of prize-fighting. We hope they are.

FOOTBALL.—Bad weather and the absence of the Prince of Wales caused the Football Festival at the Oval to be less well attended than was the case last year. However, about 6,000 paid "gate," and were rewarded by seeing capital games. Middlesex defeated Somersetshire in the Rugby contest, while the United Universities were beaten by the Corinthians, for whom Cobbold was in splendid form. On the same day Charterhouse drew with Westminster, Birmingham beat Sheffield by ten goals to none, and Preston North End (who have already gone into training for their match with West Bromwich Albion in the final tie of the Association Cup next Saturday) defeated Burnley.

BILLIARDS.—Two close finishes were witnessed last week, and another is likely to be seen this (Saturday) evening. Roberts (playing spot-barred) and Mitchell (allowed 100 spots in a break),

passed and re-passed each other, but in the end the Champion won by 260 points. Both Peall and White were in good form in their all-in match (in which White received 4,000 out of 15,000) at the Aquarium. White made a break of 1,054, but Peall was too much for him, and, after making breaks of 1,547 and 1,314, was successful by 365. This week, at the same place, those old opponents Peall and Mitchell are playing for what is described as "the spot-stroke Championship," and seem very evenly matched.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—In the second day of the O.U.A.C. meeting, Le Maitre won the Quarter in 50 3-5th sec., and Pollock took the Three Miles, but the best performance was that of Hill took the Half Mile, which he won in 1 min. 56 2-5th sec. Not Cross in the Half Mile, which he won in 1 min. 56 2-5th sec. In the content with this, he ran the same distance two days later in the Wadham Strangers' Race in 1 min. 54 2-5th sec., beating Myers' time by a second. The Cambridge sports took place on Monday and Wednesday. On the first day, Fletcher won the Quarter in 51 sec., Wilson the Mile in 4 min. 33 1-5th sec., while Woolmer threw the Hammer 98 ft. 7 in., and Kelly put the weight 37 ft. 2 1/2 in.

CRICKET.—The British teams in Australia continue to do well. Since we last wrote Shrewsbury's Eleven has beaten Combined Australia, and Mr. Vernon's Eleven has inflicted a severe defeat on Victoria. The crack bats in both teams came off, Shrewsbury making 206, and Mr. W. W. Read 142 (not out). For combined Australia Blackham made 97 in the first innings, and Jones 134 (not out) in the second. Moses, who was not playing, did a wonderful performance lately for New South Wales against Victoria—a match which is famous for long scores. New South Wales scored 576, to which Moses contributed 297 (not out). The Victorians made 267 and 274, and yet were defeated in an innings.—J. C. Shaw, formerly the crack left-handed bowler of the Nottingham Eleven, died last week at the age of fifty. Professional cricketers are not a long-lived race.

ROWING.—As we ventured to prophesy last week, the odds on Cambridge have shortened in consequence of the good form shown by their rivals. The Dark Blues have done some excellent work, seeming especially at home in rough water, in which their new boat (made, curiously enough, by Rough, of Oxford) carries them splendidly. The Cambridge Eight, on the other hand, are not such neat watermen, but they are very strong, and should Saturday next prove a calm day their chance will be a good one.

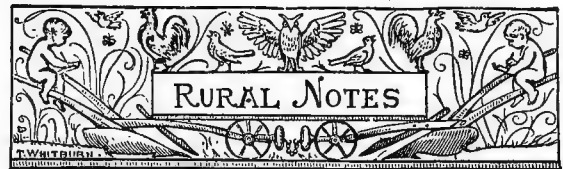


THE SILVER WEDDING of the Prince and Princess of Wales in itself, and in its contrast to the melancholy event at Berlin, was a prominent theme in many of the sermons preached last Sunday in London churches and chapels.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE is one of the national educational institutions which have established missions among the poor of London. Its mission was started in 1885, with an iron hall as the nucleus of its operations, but this structure has proved inadequate for the wants of an increasing congregation, and a Mission Hall has been erected at a cost of some 1,600l. At its recent opening the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered an address, in which he made some touching references to the late and the new German Emperors, and congratulated "old Wellingtonians" on having formed warm and religious friendships with working people in their most crowded quarters, and having let them see and know that to have received more than others of the gifts of this world did not make a good man selfish.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER has communicated to his Diocese the opinion of its Chancellor that the use of a parish church for a musical entertainment, with payment charged for admission, is either illegal, or that in such a case the parishioners have a right to be present without payment. He himself has strictly forbidden the practice. He recommends instead an arrangement now constantly carried out, which neither violates the rights of the parishioners nor disturbs the associations of the devout, the saying of some collects, with a brief address, followed by music, of course of a sacred character, the benediction concluding the service, after the taking of an offertory for the desired object, either at the doors, or from seat to seat.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marquis of Abergavenny has presented to the Rectory of Goytre, the subject of litigation recently referred to in our columns, a clergyman who is proficient in Welsh, and the Bishop of Llandaff has, therefore, intimated his intention of instituting the new presentee.—On Wednesday, in Exeter Hall, at a series of meetings promoted by the Evangelical Alliance, to enforce "The fundamental truths of the Gospel," Mr. Spurgeon spoke energetically in favour of standing on the ancient ways of Calvinistic orthodoxy.



THE SEASON.—The first few days of March carried on the leading characteristics of February, viz., a low temperature and a dry, keen air. But last Saturday saw a great change, and the south-westerly gale of Sunday brought moisture and a damp air, with the barometer low instead of the thermometer. The season has become favourable to the long-retarded growth of vegetation. In the garden, crocuses, daffodils, and hyacinths are responding to the call of the soft south-western wind. In the country, the shrunken streams are the richer for their needed replenishment by rain. On cottage porches, the yellow jessamine is in flower, and the almond tree is showing its first pink flushes of blossom in the shrubbery and on the lawn. A chilly re-action came with Tuesday's snow, but on Wednesday the south-west wind again blew balmy. The lambing has nearly ceased in Wiltshire and Oxfordshire, and is in full progress in Western, Midland, and Eastern England. From Gloucestershire, a breeder writes:—"It is best lambing I have ever known. The tale is nearly half twins."

HORSES.—Three great horse shows have been already held this early spring, and each of them has been a success. Such a fact is an important one as witnessing to the increased and increasing interest taken in horse-breeding and its various branches by the agriculturists of the kingdom. The Stallion Show at Nottingham, with its elaborate system of services and hirings, is destined to affect in the most favourable manner horse-breeding throughout the country, while the Shire Horse Show in February, at Islington, showed to what a pitch of perfection the breeding of these handsome and useful horses had attained. Last week, the third Show of the series was held, when the Hackney Horse Society and the Hunters' Improvement Society united their forces in a Show at the Agricultural Hall, where 154 stallions and 84 mares were shown. The Hackney classes were especially strong and good, and the quality of the stallions was remarkably high in the classes organised by the Hunters' Improvement Society.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN CATTLE.—The veterinary world appear divided on the point as to whether or no inoculation is a preventive of this disease. But the agricultural societies of the three kingdoms are unanimous in thinking that it is not safe, and that slaughter of infected animals (with a reasonable compensation to owners) is the best policy. Mr. Duckham, the late member for Hereford, writes to warn agriculturists that "the days for stocking the pastures are rapidly approaching." Nearly three months have passed since the first deputation waited upon Lord John Manners in London, and Mr. Arthur Balfour in Ireland. At that time the cattle of the United Kingdom were in their yards, and not exposed to other herds. That state of things will soon be changed." Mr. Duckham, therefore, presses for slaughter of all infected cattle being compulsorily carried out under Orders of the Privy Council.

AGRICULTURE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—A deputation from the Manx Agricultural Society waited last week on the Governor of the Island to sanction a grant for giving premiums to owners of stallions in England and elsewhere to bring good breeding animals to the Isle of Man. It was strongly urged upon his Excellency, Governor Walpole, that good results would ensue from obtaining Clydesdale and Shire horses for service in the island, as at present cattle and horses are depreciating, and when farmers did get a young animal worth anything they sold it in consequence of the depression. His Excellency, while sympathising with the object of the deputation, said he would like to see a definite scheme formulated, which would include competition of mares. He suggested that while the scheme was being prepared, a subscription list should be opened which he would be happy to head himself; and if he approved the scheme he would have cause to go to the Tynwald Court, and ask them to sanction the grant for the purpose asked. He thought, with the aid of the Manx Agricultural Society, a subscription list, and a subsidy from the revenue, they would be able to guarantee to owners of a good horse a fee of three guineas, of which the farmer might pay one guinea.

THE FIRMS which supply the farmers with implements, with pedigree grain, and with seeds and cake, have necessarily a very practical insight into the extent of agricultural difficulties and depression. It is, therefore, a good sign that the great Reading firm of Sutton and Sons, who supply seeds and prize grain to every county in England, are able to write us as follows:—"We observe with real satisfaction that there are signs of improvement in the agricultural situation. The lesson that wheat-growing is no longer profitable in this country *per se* has now been thoroughly learnt. So also has been the lesson that agricultural prosperity and depression is not consequent upon good and bad seasons only, but that Indian and American railways, improved steamboats, and cheapened cablegrams have revolutionised the agricultural position. Farmers are settling down to the altered state of affairs, having become convinced that in the reduction of expenses is to be found the salvation of agriculture." Sober words enough, yet at least not despairing.

FARMERS' PROFITS on stock-keeping are not very uncertain at present prices, which form the basis of the important calculations just published by Mr. Robert Turnbull. According to these very careful estimates, the butcher pays the farmers of the United Kingdom 82,000,000l. annually for cattle, sheep, and pigs, and gets 96,000,000l. from his customers. The total profit of 14,000,000l. per annum has to be divided between some sixty thousand persons, but as the capital employed in the butchers' business is reckoned at 24,000,000l., rather over a million a year for interest has to be deducted, and the nett profit per head will be found to be about 200l. a year. The slaughtermen, drovers, and butchers—men and the boys, however, are by no means extravagantly paid, and it is therefore tolerably clear that the master butcher does, in fact, make that very good thing of his trade which the ordinary consumer has generally credited him with making.

BUTTER IN DENMARK.—In 1860 the British Consul at Copenhagen reported that the butter manufactured in Denmark was execrably bad. But within the past twenty-seven years ten dairy-schools had been established with the aid of a State subsidy, and the quality of the butter had risen so materially that its exportation was now an important branch of Danish trade. Its present value to the little kingdom was now nearly three millions sterling a year.



SNOW HAS FALLEN IN FORMOSA this winter, an event which has not occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. In China, curiously enough, prayers are being offered for snow, none having fallen in the Tiensin district for a long period.

A GREAT AUK'S EGG was sold in London on Monday for 225l., the highest price ever paid for an egg. During the last thirteen years nine of these eggs have been put up to auction; in 1865 four fetched 30l. each, in 1876 one 64l., in 1880 two 105l. and 107l., and in December 1887 one 168l. The specimen just knocked down was fine and perfect, and had been bought in 1851 for 18l.

MI-CARÊME IN PARIS was fairly lively, in spite of rain which fell all day. Numberless chariots, smothered in garlands containing the washerwomen in various costumes, thronged the streets. The finest vehicle was a mail coach drawn by six horses; in the interior was seated the band, while on top were a dozen clowns and columbines in white, who threw sweets to the crowds below. Many hits were held to receive the bonbons, and one or two more grasping individuals turned their umbrellas upside down to catch the sugar-plums as they fell.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARIS WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION have been actively carried on during the past week. Upwards of 250 works have been sent in, the most beautiful, according to the Paris *Figaro*, being a large female head by Madame Lemaire. M. Adrien Marie supplies twenty-two pictures; M. Aimé Morot one; M. Paul Pujol, "Les Martyrs Chrétiens;" M. Beraud, "Fin de Spectacle" and "Le Soir d'Été." Other contributors are MM. Vibert, Le Blant, Jeannot, John Lewis-Brown, Boutet de Monvel, and Maurice Courant. M. Carolus Duran sends portraits of Mr. Vanderbilt and M. Pasteur, M. Boutigny "Mort de Franchetti," M. Benjamin Constant a great triptych for the Sorbonne and a portrait of Madame Dreyfus, and M. Yvon a life-sized portrait of President Carnot. Wednesday was the last day for the reception of paintings.

LONDON MORTALITY increased during the two last weeks, and 1,794 and 1,886 deaths have been respectively registered, against 1,772 the previous seven days, a rise of 22 and 92, being 36 and 3 below the average, and at the rate of 21.9 and 23.0 per 1,000. There were 15 and 21 deaths from measles, 27 and 29 from scarlet fever, 24 and 24 from diphtheria, 94 and 101 from whooping-cough, 15 and 20 from enteric fever, 2 from small-pox, 10 and 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from typhus, ill-defined forms of continued fever, or cholera. At the end of last week there were 1,201 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals, and 79 in the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to the respiratory organs numbered 478 and 488, and were 9 and 32 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 65 and 51 deaths: 60 and 44 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,778 and 2,583 births registered, being 100 and 388 below the average.





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flowers that I give do not wither,  
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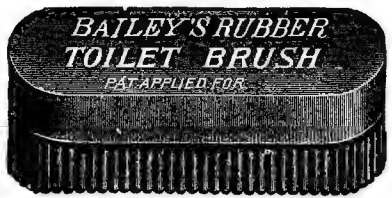
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**AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM."**

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on January 2, 1886, says—"Blessings on your  
"FRUIT SALT!" I trust that it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished  
bottle on the chimney-piece of my snug u.n. my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my "vade mecum." Think not this the  
rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with  
numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy  
than ex tunc—Richard is himself again! So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment  
that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to  
appreciate its inestimable benefits—  
When Eno's Salt betimes you take  
No waste of this Elixir make;  
But drain the dregs and lick the cup.  
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

WRITING again on January 21, 1888, he adds—"Dear Sir—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-  
failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—  
When Time, which steals our years away,  
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Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,  
And still our health renew."  
**FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"Egypt, Cairo.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August**  
last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The  
last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable "FRUIT SALT," to which I owe my present  
health at the very least, if not my whole life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my  
testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I felt that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe  
me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL 19th HUSSARS.—May 26, 1885.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

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"MY DEAR SIR.—I have taken many antidotes during my life to cause an action on the bowels, but the general effect of your  
'Vegetable Moto' is happier in more ways than one; I find them gentle and corrective in their action, and in some mysterious way  
helpful alike to the stomach and liver. I like to have them always at hand.—Yours, N. B. C., Strand, W.C., September 13, 1886."

**ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" OF ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1s. 1d.; POST-FREE, 1s. 3d.**  
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# HIS LATE MAJESTY WILLIAM I.,

BORN AT BERLIN, MARCH 22, 1797

Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia

DIED AT BERLIN, MARCH 9, 1888

By W. BEATTY-KINGSTON

## HIS BIRTH

ON the 22nd March, 1797, a puny, weakly man-child was born into the world at the "Crown-Princely Palace" of Berlin—a huge, massive mansion of no particular architectural merit or interest, standing over-against the Royal Arsenal and nearly opposite the so-called "Chestnut-Grove" that surrounds a coldly classical Grand Guardhouse, of which the Northern Athenians are immoderately proud on account of its resemblance to a famous Doric Temple of Diana. So small of size and apparently feeble was the infant, that but slender hope was entertained by its parents—not only at the time of its birth, but for some years afterwards—of rearing it to

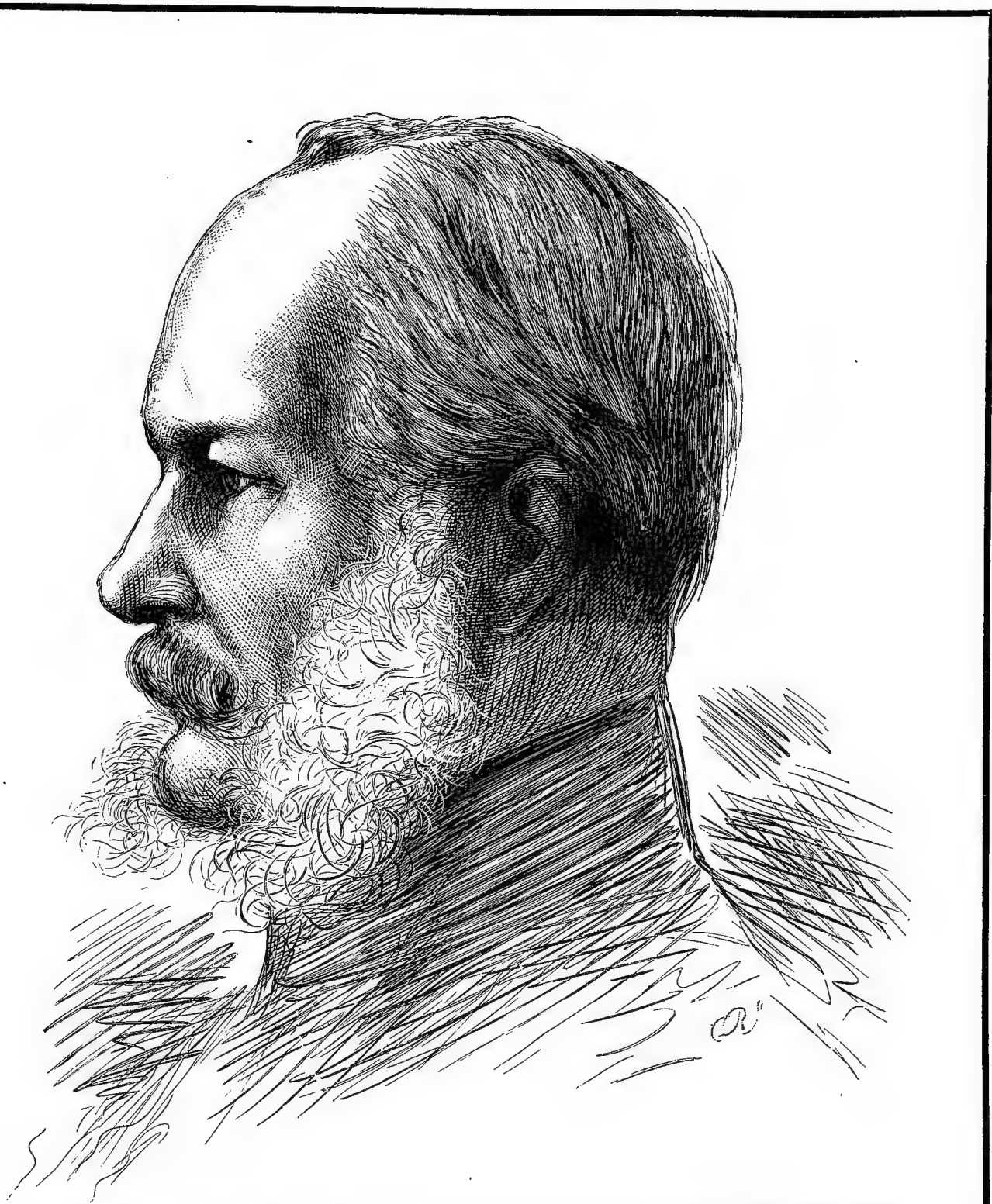
sexes entered into the usual solemn obligations on his behalf, and his grandfather—also his first godfather—held him during the actual baptismal rite. His other godfathers and godmothers, ten of whom were present at the ceremony whilst the remaining nine were represented thereat by proxies, are recorded on the baptismal register of the Schloss-Kapelle for the year 1797 in the following order. "Present: The Queen's Majesty. H.R.H. the Princess Ludwig of Prussia. T.R.H.H. the Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. T.R.H.H. the Prince and Princess Ferdinand of Prussia. H.S.H. the widowed Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel. The Princess George of Hesse-Darmstadt, Serenity. The Hereditary Prince of Orange, Serenity. Absent: The Emperor and Empress of Russia, Majesties.

at comparatively recent dates, and a fifth (J. C. Ferdinand) died in infancy. The eldest daughter, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, married Czar Nicholas I. of All the Russias, the throne of which Empire is now occupied by her grandson, Alexander III., also grand-nephew to the First German Emperor. The second, who espoused the Grand Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, survived to be an octogenarian widow. Princess Louise, the third daughter, became the wife of Prince Frederic of the Netherlands, and died in 1870, whilst the fourth, Princess Frederica Wilhelmina, lived only a few months.

## HIS CHILDHOOD

DURING his infancy—indeed, until the completion of his seventh

year—Prince William's education and bringing-up were entrusted to his mother, who, as well as the ladies who assisted her in her task, very naturally petted and made much of him to her heart's content. He was a singularly gentle and amiable, as well as delicate and sensitive child, developing little vigour or liveliness, but fond of his book, and taking pleasure in every kind of warlike emblem. How much he owed in after life to the moral and physical training he received, in those childish days, from his incomparable mother, may be gathered from her own view of that training's results, touchingly expressed in a letter written to her father during the period of Prussia's heaviest trials and deepest humiliations. "Though the world of the future may not include my name amongst those of really eminent women, still will it say of me, when it shall become cognisant of the woes of these times and of all that I have suffered through them: 'She endured much and patiently.' My only wish is that this, too, may be said: 'But she brought forth children who were worthy of better times, who strove to bring them about, and who eventually succeeded in doing so.'" Another interesting excerpt from Queen Louise's letters to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg may not inappropriately be quoted in this paragraph—although chronologically somewhat premature—as bearing descriptively upon Prince William's boyhood. It dates from the early spring of 1808, and runs as follows, in literal translation from the original German. "Our son William (permit me, honoured grandpapa, to present your grandchildren to you one after another) will prove, unless I be greatly deceived, as simple, honest, and intelligent as his father, whom, moreover, he resembles in appearance the most of all the children—though I fancy he will never be so handsome. You see, dear father, that I am still in love with my husband." All the Queen's prognostications about her second son—except the last, Prince William turning out the comeliest scion of his House—proved absolutely correct. But, as has already been stated, his early childhood was passed in such an apparently precarious state of health, that he was seldom seen outside his nursery, and, indeed, only attended two juvenile parties during the first five years of his life. His first appearance in public took place on the occasion of the presentation of a flag to the town of Köln, Berlin's twin-city, by his mother in April, 1802. In this ceremony the tiny Prince took an active part, hammering a golden-headed nail into the flagstaff "with Highest-Own hands," as the *Prussian Gazette* of that period hath it, and exhibiting much interest in all that took place. On Christmas Day of the ensuing year (1803) his father put him into



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY THE LATE GEORGE H. THOMAS AT THE TIME OF THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL, 1858

Generals at a military banquet, observed: "In my youth and early manhood I never believed that Providence would summon me to undertake this weighty office; nor did I ever even dream of surviving my beloved brother. As a child I was so much weaker than he that, in accordance with the ordinary laws of nature, my succession to the throne of our ancestors was altogether beyond any calculation of probability; and, just upon that account, I had from the first clearly understood that the sole mission of my life was to serve in the Prussian Army. To that service, therefore, I devoted myself with all possible love and perseverance, believing that to be the best way in which a Prussian Prince could fulfil his duty to his King and country."

## HIS CHRISTENING

AT Prince William's christening, which took place in his father's house a fortnight after the day of his birth, twenty sponsors of both

The Hereditary Statthalter of Orange and Nassau, Serenity. His Consort, Royal Highness. The Landgraves of Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Darmstadt, Serenities. Prince Ernest of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Serenity. The Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen and his Consort, Serenities." The Prussian Court, when this brilliant company was assembled to celebrate the baby Prince's admission into the Christian fold, was in deep mourning for two members of the Hohenzollern Family, Prince Lewis, a son of Frederick William II., and the Dowager Queen Elizabeth, Frederick the Great's relict, having died within a fortnight of one another but a few weeks previous to Prince William's birth. It may not be inopportune to mention, before passing to the story of his childhood, that his parents' union was productive of nine children in all—five sons and four daughters. Two of the former succeeded to the throne in turn (Frederick William IV. and William I., the subject of this memoir), other two (Princes Karl and Albrecht) paid the great debt of nature

ance the most of all the children—though I fancy he will never be so handsome. You see, dear father, that I am still in love with my husband." All the Queen's prognostications about her second son—except the last, Prince William turning out the comeliest scion of his House—proved absolutely correct. But, as has already been stated, his early childhood was passed in such an apparently precarious state of health, that he was seldom seen outside his nursery, and, indeed, only attended two juvenile parties during the first five years of his life. His first appearance in public took place on the occasion of the presentation of a flag to the town of Köln, Berlin's twin-city, by his mother in April, 1802. In this ceremony the tiny Prince took an active part, hammering a golden-headed nail into the flagstaff "with Highest-Own hands," as the *Prussian Gazette* of that period hath it, and exhibiting much interest in all that took place. On Christmas Day of the ensuing year (1803) his father put him into



uniform for the first time, and presented him, attired in the gay scarlet dolman, blue pelisse, and white-plumed busby of the Rudorf (afterwards Zieten) Hussars, to his mother in the great drawing-room of the Kronprinzliches Palais. This memorable event was speedily succeeded by the commencement of his military training. Together with his elder brother, the Crown Prince, and his cousin Prince Frederick of Prussia, he was handed over to the tender mercies of one Sergeant Bennein, who put the Royal lads daily through their facings for the best part of a year, thoroughly taught them their drill and manual exercise, and indoctrinated them in the rudiments of the soldier's profession.

#### HIS FIRST COMMISSION

IMMEDIATELY after the great military disaster of Jena, which for the time being annihilated the Prussian army, Prince William and his brothers—the victorious French being, so to speak, at the gates of Berlin—were carried off to Schwedt, a small town on the Oder, whither Queen Louise followed them. They accompanied her in her subsequent flight to Stettin, where she quitted them to rejoin her husband, then occupied in endeavouring to get together and reorganise the scattered remnants of his army, and were thence conveyed by their tutors and attendants to Danzig. As soon as it became manifest that the occupation of all Pomerania and West Prussia by the enemy was inevitable, the Princes were hurriedly transferred to Königsberg, where they met the King for the first time since he had quitted his family in Berlin at the commencement of the disastrous campaign. It was in the old fortress-capital of East Prussia, on the 1st of January, 1807, that, strictly speaking, Prince William's military career and personal connection with the Prussian Guard commenced. The King, after receiving the usual felicitations from his wife and children on New Year's morning, addressed his son William in the following terms:—"As there will be no opportunity to rig you out properly on your next birthday, owing to the fact that you are obliged to go to Memel, I appoint you to-day to the rank of officer. There" (pointing to a table closely by) "lies your provisional uniform." In a few minutes the delighted child had been dressed up in the blue justaucorps with red facings, breeches and boots, sword and plumed hat, which at that time constituted the *petite tenue* of the Prussian Guard officer. Powder and a false pigtail—his own hair not being long enough to furnish the regulation length of *queue*—having completed his equipment, he presented himself "vorschriftsmässig eingekleidet" to his Royal father, reporting himself "ready for duty." In compliance with a "House Law" of the Hohenzollern Family, its Princes obtain rank in the army on their tenth birthday; but Prince William, owing to the disturbed state of his native country, got his Ensign's commission nearly three months before the expiration of his ninth year. His first "patent" bears date 1st of January, 1807; his second, 24th of December, 1807. He owed this rapid promotion to the abolition of ensigncies in the Prussian Army. His commission as Second-Lieutenant was his father's gift to him on Christmas Eve of the year in which he entered the service he has belonged to for more than three quarters of a century.

#### HIS EARLY MILITARY CAREER

PRINCE WILLIAM's health improved rapidly after he became a soldier in very deed, although he, in common with the other members of his family, underwent privations during his protracted sojourn in Königsberg which impressed themselves ineradicably upon his childish memory. Frequently, in his green old age, whilst recalling his early experiences for the amusement of his grandchildren, has he jestingly described the sordid food and even "short commons" with which he had to put up whilst dwelling in small, shabbily-furnished apartments, forlorn of all the comforts to which he had been previously accustomed in the Palaces of Berlin and Potsdam. Money was so scarce in the Royal *ménage*, that even the small sums required to discharge the weekly household bills were not always forthcoming. Throughout these trials, which were much more deeply felt by his parents than by himself, the young lieutenant assiduously perfected himself in company and battalion drill, and pursued his scholastic studies under Dellbrück and Reimann. He is described by one of his teachers at that time as "greedily devouring the works of his grand-uncle, Frederick the Great." At last, however, the tables turned, and, as soon as the French had evacuated Berlin, the Royal Family returned thither in State, and Prince William entered the capital of his father's realm in command

of his "section," marching on the right flank of the so-called "Body-Company" of the First Regiment of Prussian Foot-Guards. During the summer of the ensuing year he lost his mother, whose constitution had broken down under the weight of griefs and anxieties imposed upon her by the protracted hostile occupation of her native country. Both he and his elder brother were present at the death-bed scene, which inflicted a severe shock upon his sensitive and affectionate nature. For some time after his bereavement he remained in a precarious state of health, from which, however, he rallied, soon after returning to his military duties under Von Pirch, his new "governor." In 1810, '11, and '12, he served by turn with infantry and cavalry, artillery and engineers. One of his achievements in the last-named branch of the service was a field-work that still exists in his Park of Babelsberg. It was traced by his own hand, and constructed under his personal command when he was barely fourteen years of age. In the course of the following year, Prussia having been compelled, sorely against her Sovereign's will, to take part in the Napoleonic War upon Russia, Prince

a month later, however, the King (being at Neudorf with the headquarters) sent for his family from Breslau, and, as soon as he set eyes on his second son, asked him "How he stood in his regiment?" Prince William replied that several of his juniors had got the First Lieutenancies "over his head." "Very well," rejoined the King; "then you shall be promoted too." "How can I be promoted, sire," exclaimed the Prince, "when I have been here behind the stove whilst my regiment was under fire?" "That matters naught," said His Majesty; "you stopped behind by my orders; therefore you are not to lose anything on that account. Your commission shall be dated back to the 15th May, when your comrades were promoted over your head." Five months later the King, whilst paying a brief visit to his family at Breslau, said to him quite unexpectedly one day, "William, I am going to take you to the war with me, but only for six weeks, as you are still too delicate to stand much fatigue. Meanwhile," handing him a pair of epaulettes, "I nominate you a Captain in my army."

#### HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN

ON the last day of the memorable year that inaugurated the glorious "War of Emancipation," Prince William, being then nearly seventeen, left Frankfurt (in which city, a few days previously, he had for the first time taken command of his company in the Guards) with his father for Mannheim, where the passage of the Rhine (commemorated by the celebrated "Tolstoi Medal") was effected next morning in the very teeth of the enemy, and with heavy loss. Whilst crossing the mighty river in a flat-bottomed boat, under a fierce fire from the French batteries on the opposite bank, Prince William stood calmly by his warrior-father's side, listening to the explanations of the enemy's position, &c., which the King vouchsafed to utter for the instruction of his two sons, attached to his personal staff for the nonce as "extra aides-de-camp." Whilst the Royal lads were thus receiving military instruction and their "baptism of fire" simultaneously, the attacking force which they, in fact, were leading, sustained a loss of 300 killed and wounded. Prince William's behaviour, under circumstances that must have been peculiarly trying to so delicate and sensitive a youth, was beyond praise. Two months later he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in action, and availed himself thereof in such sort as to establish his military reputation on an imperishable foundation in the army of his native land, as well as in that of his father's friend and ally, Czar Alexander I. of Russia. During the winter, at the engagements of Rosnay and Brienne, and one or two minor skirmishes, he had abundantly smelt powder; but it was at the sanguinary conflict of Bar-sur-Aube (27th February, 1814) that he charged the French infantry, by his father's side, with the right wing of the Pskoff Cuirassiers, and was in the thick of the fight for several minutes. As the Royal party was riding back to the rear of the attack at an easy trot, the King's eye caught sight of a Russian infantry regiment heavily engaged with the enemy, and losing men rapidly. Turning to his son William he said, "Ride back, and find out what regiment that is, and also to what regiment belong all those wounded, the number of whom is increasing every second." Prince William saluted, stuck in his spurs, and galloped back through a murderous fire to where the regiment in question (Kaluga Infantry) was sustaining an unequal combat with a superior French force. Having obtained from the Russian colonel all the details he had been ordered to elicit by word-of-mouth inquiry, steadying his charger the while as coolly as if he had been under inspection at a Potsdam parade, he turned his horse, rode off at an easy canter, rejoined the Royal Staff, and made a verbal report to the King of all he had learnt. The King said nothing; nor did Prince William appear to think he had done anything out of the way, although the staff officers crowded round him to shake hands with him in token of their satisfaction with his gallant bearing. A week later, however, the guerdon of his "derring-do" reached him in the shape of the Russian Order of St. George, exclusively bestowed for conspicuous bravery in the field; and the Iron Cross was conferred upon him by his father on the anniversary of its foundation as well as of his deceased mother's birthday. Never before or since have those two surpassing rewards of valour been bestowed upon an officer in his seventeenth year; and their recipient's surprise was almost as great as his gratification at finding what he had considered a simple, everyday act of duty recognised as a brilliant proof of conspicuous courage and coolness, not only by the valiant Czar and



QUEEN LOUISE WITH HER TWO ELDEST SONS, AFTERWARDS KING FREDERICK-WILLIAM IV., AND EMPEROR WILLIAM I. (1797)

William obtained two further steps of regimental rank, First Lieutenant and Captain (the commissions bear date 15th May and 30th October, 1812). The former of these two promotions came about in the following manner. When, early in 1813, the King left Breslau for his army's headquarters in the field, Prince William implored his father to permit him to accompany his regiment and "make the campaign;" but Frederick William III., remembering how often his lamented consort had besought him to be careful that "her William, who was not strong, should not prematurely over-exert himself," absolutely refused to take the boy with him, and committed him to the guardianship of Major von Mirutoli, with orders that he should be "strictly looked after." The Prince's mortification at this refusal was terribly aggravated, a few weeks later, by the tidings that his regiment (First Foot Guards) had been literally cut to pieces at Gross-Goerschen, where it lost 13 officers and 842 men. Promotions were numerous, in consequence of this heavy butcher's bill; but the young subaltern, not having shared his regiment's performances in action, did not find his name in the "Advancement List," published on the 16th May at Bautzen. Just

Russian colonel all the details he had been ordered to elicit by word-of-mouth inquiry, steadying his charger the while as coolly as if he had been under inspection at a Potsdam parade, he turned his horse, rode off at an easy canter, rejoined the Royal Staff, and made a verbal report to the King of all he had learnt. The King said nothing; nor did Prince William appear to think he had done anything out of the way, although the staff officers crowded round him to shake hands with him in token of their satisfaction with his gallant bearing. A week later, however, the guerdon of his "derring-do" reached him in the shape of the Russian Order of St. George, exclusively bestowed for conspicuous bravery in the field; and the Iron Cross was conferred upon him by his father on the anniversary of its foundation as well as of his deceased mother's birthday. Never before or since have those two surpassing rewards of valour been bestowed upon an officer in his seventeenth year; and their recipient's surprise was almost as great as his gratification at finding what he had considered a simple, everyday act of duty recognised as a brilliant proof of conspicuous courage and coolness, not only by the valiant Czar and





THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT THE AGE OF NINE

besides making professional tours abroad, with the object of becoming thoroughly acquainted with all the armies of Europe and their systems. On his twenty-eighth birthday he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-General, commanding an army corps. Four years later he espoused the daughter of the then reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a young lady of great beauty, conspicuous piety, and varied accomplishments. His elder brother's marriage had proved sterile, and Prince William, although by no means favourably disposed to matrimony, in consequence of an early love disappointment, obeyed his father's commands "in the interest of the succession." The wedding—at which the Czar and Czarina were present, among other august personages—was celebrated with extraordinary magnificence, and the long series of festivities to which it gave occasion closed with a tournament under the fanciful title of "The Glamour of the White Rose." Throughout this *carrousel* the bridegroom held the lists in honour of his bride; he was clad, *cap-à-pie*, in burnished "white armour," and, being both an accomplished equestrian and a skilled adept in the management of all knightly weapons, bore off the chief prizes of the tourney. Little more than two years had elapsed when the Princess William presented her consort with a son and heir, Frederick William Nicholas, the present German Crown Prince (and of Prussia), who was born on the anniversary of the Battle of Leipzig—a date, moreover, celebrated throughout the Prussian Monarchy ever since the 18th of October, 1861, as "Coronation Day."

## INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER

FIFTY years, save two, have passed away since William of Hohenzollern, the vanquisher of Austria and France, achiever of Teutonic national unity and architect of the German Empire, first became acquainted with the extraordinary man to whose sagacious counsels, steadfast devotion, and loyal support he was unquestionably in great measure indebted for his success in fulfilling the mission he undertook upon succeeding to his brother's throne. It was in 1835, at a Court Ball given by Frederick William III. in the State Apartments of the Berlin Schloss that Otto von Bismarck, then a gigantic Junker of twenty, studying law at the University, was brought up to the Prince, with another no less stalwart "Referendarius," to be presented to His Royal Highness, who appraised the



AUGUSTA  
Empress of Germany, Queen of Prussia  
Born September 30 1811

*Pr. Willi: 9 Jpr ult 1806*

*Augusta*

the personage he himself regarded as the incorporation of every heroic virtue—his Royal father—but by the Allied Armies of Russia and Prussia, veteran hosts whose pride, thenceforth, it was to rank Prince William of Hohenzollern amongst their "fighting comrades." From the day of Bar-sur-Aube he took his full share of the campaign's hardships and dangers—including such hardly-contested battles as those of La Fère Champenoise, Romainville, &c.—until its conclusion, when (31st March, 1814) he rode into Paris in the suite of Frederick William III. as a Prussian Major, mentioned in general orders as promoted to that rank for distinguished conduct in action. In the French capital he remained for a couple of months, subsequently accompanying his father and elder brother to London on a visit to the Prince Regent. Quarters were assigned to him at St. James's Palace, where he abode for three weeks, was enthusiastically lionised by British Society, and underwent a severe course of banquets, receptions, and sight-seeing. His father then took him for a tour in Switzerland, making Neuchâtel (at that time a Prussian province) the headquarters of the Royal party, and visiting Valengin—where the watchmakers' craft presented Prince William with a massive gold repeater, which still hangs at the bed-head of the German Emperor in his Palace Under the Linden—the Bernese Oberland, Interlaken, Zurich, and Schaffhausen in turn. During the campaign and the pleasure-trips succeeding it, involving an absence from home of ten months, the Prince had completely shaken off all traces of debility, had developed great muscular strength, and grown so considerably, both in height of stature and breadth of shoulder, that his sisters and brothers scarcely recognised him when he returned to them, his breast adorned with crosses and medals fairly won in the dread game of war. Although not quite eighteen he was nearly as tall as the King, of an upright, symmetrical figure, regular features, fair hair, and a florid complexion; in fact, one of the handsomest youths in Germany. His confirmation took place in 1815, ten days before the Battle of Waterloo. Two years later he escorted his sister Charlotte to St. Petersburg, there to be married to the Czarovich, afterwards Czar Nicholas, having devoted the interim of time to study and the discharge of his military duties. Immediately after his twentieth birthday he obtained the rank of Colonel and the command of a battalion in his old regiment, the First Foot Guards. He was also created a Privy Councillor, and appointed a member of the Permanent Military Commission.

## HIS EARLY MANHOOD

ON coming of age, Prince William became a Major-General, and was shortly afterwards entrusted by his father (during the latter's absence in Russia) with the supreme direction of all military matters in Prussia. In 1820 he took command of a division, and during the ensuing nine years fulfilled many inspectorial functions in the Prussian provinces,



KING FREDERICK-WILLIAM IV. IN HIS STUDY

stature, thew and sinew of the two strapping youths with a soldier's eye, and jestingly remarked, "It seems that nowadays Dame Justice selects her young recruits in conformity to the Guards' standard of inches." In 1840 Prince William lost his father, for whom he entertained unqualified affection and respect. From Frederick William III., without doubt, he derived those qualities and predilections which constituted what may justly be designated the "militarism" that has been through life his predominant characteristic. Punctuality, exactitude in the performance of every duty—no matter how apparently trivial—rigid discipline, mental as well as bodily; absolute justice to the exalted and lowly alike; these were some of the "specialties" transmitted to Prince William by his father, whom he (of all the latter's sons) most closely resembled in *morale* and *physique*. When Frederick William IV. came to the throne, almost his first sovereign act was to decree that, thenceforth, his brother William should be known throughout the realm as "Prince of Prussia," and the Heir Presumptive's promotion to the rank of full General followed a little later in the year. In 1841 he was appointed Co-Inspector (with Prince, afterwards King, John of Saxony) of the Austrian Empire's contingent to the Army of the German Confederation, and became "Proprietor" and Honorary Colonel of the 34th Hungarian Infantry, conferred upon him by the Emperor Ferdinand. During the following year he acted as Regent of Prussia during his brother's absence in England, whither he himself travelled in 1844, and was present at a grand review of the Household Brigade in Hyde Park. Two years later he superintended, as President of a Royal Commission, the introduction into the Prussian Army of a new Infantry exercise, drill, &c.

## HIS EXILE IN 1848

By the time the long-growing dissatisfaction of the German people with the "benevolently despotic" form of Government prevailing throughout the Fatherland forty years ago had culminated in a more or less vigorous imitation of the Third French Revolution, the Prince of Prussia, by reason of his staunch Conservatism and inflexible fulfilment of duty, had become the most unpopular person in his brother's realm. Frederick William IV., intellectually the Heir Presumptive's superior, was an idealist, *littérateur*, and wit, teeming with amiable eccentricities. He was strangely assimulative of theories, political and economical, altogether unsusceptible of being put into practice consistently with the conservation of his own position as a reigning Sovereign. The Prince of Prussia regarded innovations with disfavour and theories with mistrust. He lived up to what he had been taught were the only correct and righteous principles of life-conduct. As a soldier, he was the *beau idéal* of discipline; as a Prince and Power in the State, the incarnation of Duty and Order. Consequently, the revolutionary party in Prussia—at that



DEATH OF QUEEN LOUISE, JULY 19, 1810



time constituting the majority of the people in the larger towns and manufacturing districts—looked upon His Royal Highness as their most dangerous enemy, and bestowed upon him a very angry detestation. Knowing full well that his influence upon the army was paramount, and that he would certainly not fail to execute any commands laid upon him by the King in the direction of suppressing disturbance and re-establishing obedience to the law, the Anarchists feared as much as they hated him; and his brother, himself slightly affected with the Red fever, had not sufficient moral courage either to charge him with the restoration of order or to protect him against the ignorant fury of a misguided mob. The Prince was accused of having shed the people's blood on the 18th March in Berlin, nine days after he had been relieved of his military command (the Guards, garrisoning Berlin and Potsdam), and a week after he had taken leave of the Officers' Corps at headquarters. The unfounded impeachment, however, sufficed to stir up the rabble's rage against him, and to frighten his brother into sending him out of the country. After the Prince's windows had been broken and an attempt had been made to burn his house down, the King sent for him, and begged him to "pay a visit to England." In deference to a command that cut him to the heart he betook himself forthwith to London, where he arrived on the 27th March, 1848, and called upon Her Majesty within a few hours of his advent. As upon the occasions of his previous visits, English Society received him with open arms. Several public and private entertainments were given in his honour. On the 28th the late Prince Albert and Duke of Cambridge visited him at the Prussian Legation, where the Diplomatic Corps subsequently waited upon him, and the Iron Duke, in full Prussian general's uniform, wearing the Ribbon and Star of the Black Eagle, the Iron Cross, and the Prussian Military Medal of 1815, also paid his respects to the First Soldier of Germany. Lord Palmerston (April 2) opened the series of banquets offered to his Royal Highness by the leaders of London fashion, and was speedily followed by the Dukes of Devonshire and Wellington, Lord Hardinge, the Marquis of Anglesey, &c. The Prince spent the latter part of April with Queen Victoria at Osborne, and was a guest at Strathfieldsaye during the Easter Week. Having made the round of several celebrated country houses, at which he was fêted with a genial hospitality which, as he has often since averred, acted like balm upon his wounded spirit, he traversed the Lake Country, as

well as part of Scotland, and was on the eve of returning to town for the season when a summons from the King, his brother, to return home without delay, reached him. He obeyed at once, and commenced his journey to Berlin towards the end of May, *via* Belgium and the Rhineland. From Brussels he addressed a letter to his brother, acquiescing in the new "Constitutional institutions;" and



THE EMPEROR CONFERRING THE ORDER OF MERIT UPON THE CROWN PRINCE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF KÖNIGGRÄTZ, JULY 3, 1866

at Wesel, in reply to an address of congratulation upon his return to the Fatherland, gave utterance to some significant remarks anent the novel order of things, indicating his own immutability with respect to his notions of duty, and resolution to carry them out. "Much," he said, "has been changed in our country. The King has willed that it should be so; the King's will is sacred to me, the first of his subjects. But justice, order, and law must govern, not anarchy. Against this last I will strive with my whole might. That, indeed, is my calling in life." On the 8th June, 1848, he arrived in Berlin, and drove from the station to the Lower House of the Legislature, there to take his seat as member for Wirsitz.

the road between Mainz and Kreuznach, missing the Prince, but wounding one of his postilions. It was during this, his Royal Highness's second campaign, that his gallant nephew, Frederick Charles, then a regimental officer of the Red Hussars, received his first wound at the cavalry "affair" of Wiesenstädt. The Prince of Prussia earned great approbation in military circles for the vigour and dexterity with which he handled the forces placed under his orders, as well as for the apt strategical dispositions by putting which into execution he crushed the revolt and restored order to the disaffected districts within fourteen days from the date at which he took the field.

## HIS RETURN TO PRUSSIA AND SECOND CAMPAIGN

DURING his exile, whilst the Berlin Democrats had been holding him up to public hatred as a bloodthirsty tyrant, *hostis humani generis*, the Prussian army in Schleswig-Holstein had been singing the praises of "Prinz von Preussen, rit-terlich und bieder," to the rugged old camp-tune of "Prinz Eugen der Ritt-er," and a powerful reaction in the Prince's favour had set in throughout the well-to-do middle classes. It was, indeed, in obedience to a report emanating from the Cabinet then in office, to the effect that "the Prince of Prussia's return had become imperatively necessary," that Frederick William IV. recalled his brother from abroad; but no enthusiasm was awakened by the Prince's reappearance in the Prussian capital. As soon, therefore, as he had made his maiden speech in the Chamber (where his appearance in full general's uniform exasperated the Radicals beyond measure), concluding by recommending the old Prussian military motto, "With God, for King and Fatherland!" to his fellow Deputies for their political guidance, he withdrew to his country house of Babelsberg, near Potsdam, where he remained in strict retirement, with his wife and children, for some months. When, however, fresh revolutionary troubles broke out during the ensuing summer (1849) in the Grand Duchy of Baden, he was summoned from his seclusion to take command of the "Army of Operation in Baden and the Palatinate." The campaign only lasted a few days, the revolutionary forces being unable to hold their ground against the Royal troops. At its very inception the Prince of Prussia's life was attempted for the first time by a fanatical Socialist, who shot at him on



THE EMPEROR AT THE BATTLE OF KÖNIGGRÄTZ, JULY 3, 1866



# THEIR APPARENT AND REGENT

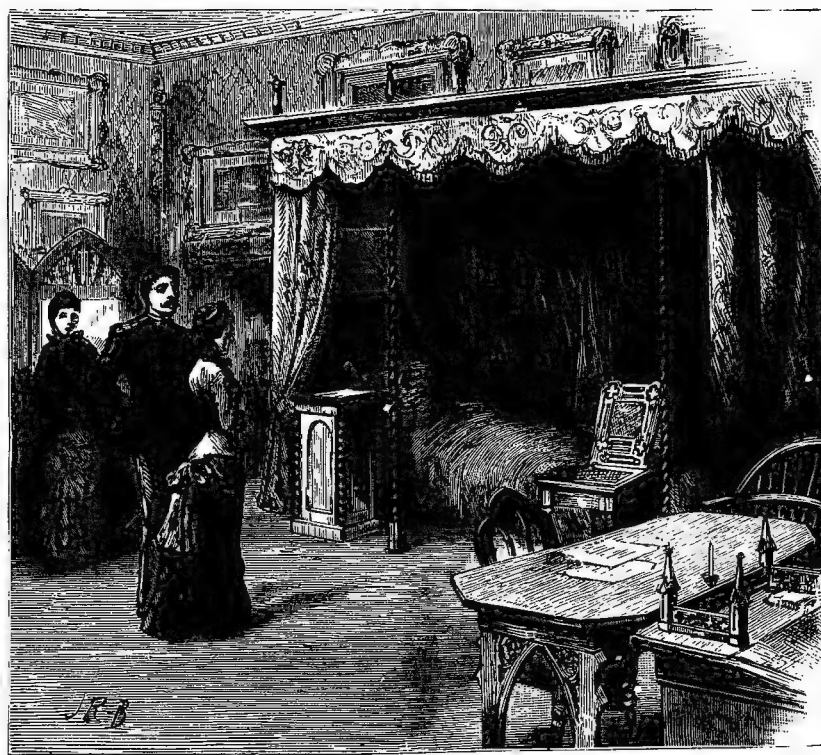
SOME observations to which the Prince of Prussia gave utterance in May, 1849, when he presented his son to the officers of the 1st Guards, with which regiment "our Fritz" served as a subaltern,

mute obedience and under the most painful conditions. He has seen an army faithful to its colours, proof against all temptations to forsake them. And he may soon see all this again; for, gentlemen, we are even now in the midst of an important crisis, and, should we surmount it, the army will again be the means of saving the country, as it has

Princess Louise-Marie, at Coblenz, to the Hereditary Grand-Duke of Baden; and Prince Frederick William, at Balmoral, to Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland. Shortly after these betrothals had achieved their due *dénoûment* in nuptial celebrations (one of which has been so delightfully chronicled by Her Gracious



THE EMPEROR'S STUDY AT BABELSBERG



THE EMPEROR'S BEDROOM AT BABELSBERG

are worthy of reproduction, as illustrative at once of his political foresight and faith in the army. "I cannot, gentlemen," he said, "deny myself the pleasure of personally introducing my son to you, with what feelings you may very well understand. I recommend him to your comradeship. He has grown up to the practical business

already done. I hand him over to you in the hope that he will learn to obey, so that one day he may be able to command. I hope he will do honour to his name and to the army." In 1850 the Prince of Prussia visited England for the express purpose of standing godfather to Prince Arthur, and returned hither in 1853 in order to be present at

Majesty, the bride's mother), his Royal Highness convoked and presided over the Military Commission that brought about the introduction of the memorable needle-gun into the Prussian Army. His second Service Jubilee came off on New Year's Day, 1856, upon which occasion Sir Colin Campbell, as chief of a special Embassy from



DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR FROM BERLIN FOR THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST FRANCE, JULY 31, 1870

of life in hard times. Last year, for the first time; he was present at a combat, fought by his own regiment, and victoriously fought—but against a disreputable foe. He has seen troops—bespattered with calumny, although victorious—cling fast to discipline and order, in

the grand military and naval reviews held that year at Chobham and Spithead. A twelvemonth later he celebrated his Silver Wedding, and was advanced to the rank of Field-Marshal by his Royal brother. On the 3rd September, 1854, both his children became affianced;

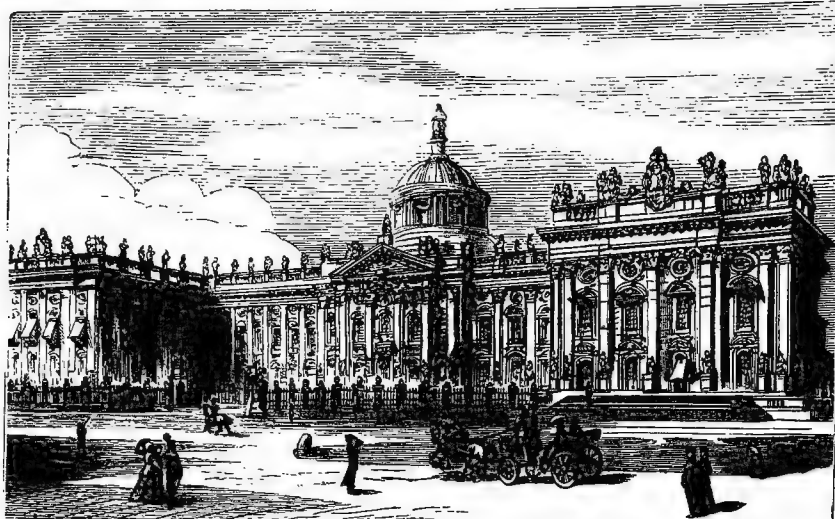
Queen Victoria, invested him with the broad Ribbon, Star, and Collar of the Bath. Whilst he was taking the waters at Baden, the following summer, he paid a visit of courtesy (by his brother's express command) to the late Emperor Napoleon III., and thus commenced a



personal acquaintance with that unfortunate monarch which was destined to assume a tragically sensational character in the autumn of 1870. Just then the malady from which Frederick William IV. had long been suffering assumed a very serious character, and the Prince of Prussia, suddenly recalled from his holiday, was charged with the Lieutenancy of the Kingdom. This office he held until it became manifest that the King's recovery was hopeless, when (7th October, 1858) he accepted the definitive Regency, and continued to administer the State affairs until his brother's death on the 2nd of January, 1861.

ing a special sanctity to Coronation ceremonials, the King took his crown from an altar on which it had been placed, and set it upon his head with the words, "I receive this from the hand of God." His purpose in thus disregarding all Coronation precedents was to remind the Prussian people and Europe at large that, whatever his dead brother might have thought fit to give up in the way of Royal prerogatives, he, the new King, by no means intended to play the part of a Constitutional puppet. As a matter of fact, his conflict with the Parliament to which he had given the above broad hint

rose to the height of the situation, or exhibited the least prescience. Finding that there was nothing to be done with Parliament, the King, who knew accurately what was coming, took the required sums from the State Exchequer, and with them completed his preparations for the inevitable trial of strength between Prussia, on the one side, and Austria, with her Southern German Allies, on the other, upon which he was about to enter with the absolute conviction—strange to say, not shared by his most trusted generals—that the army of his creation was equal to the tremendous task of fighting



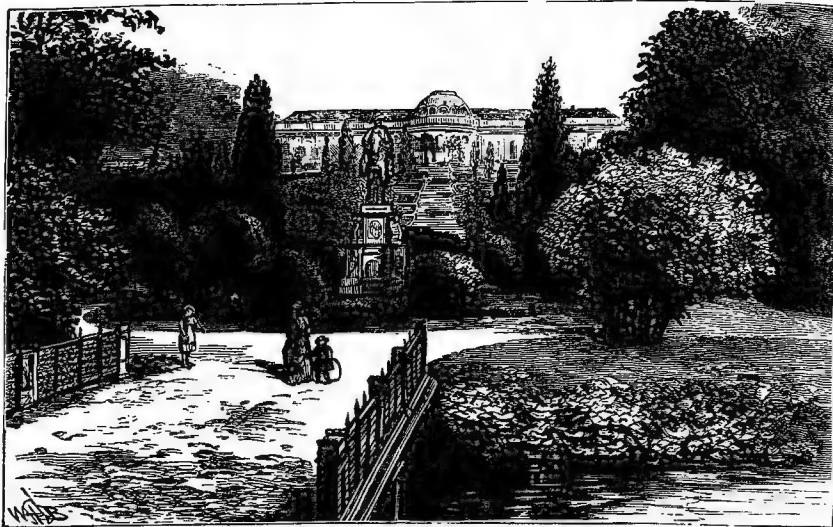
THE NEW PALACE, POTSDAM

## HIS ARMY REORGANISATION

No sooner had he been invested as Regent, with sovereign power, than he proceeded to realise the programme of army augmentation and reform which Frederick William IV. had lacked courage to propose to the Legislature. Fifty-one regiments were added to the standing army; the annual conscription, nearly doubled in numbers, was rigidly enforced; Prussia's combative potentialities were tripled in something less than a single lustrum. The object of all this preparation was to qualify Prussia for assuming and maintaining the leadership of the German nation, hitherto held by Austria. Having, during his Regency, well-nigh perfected the military mechanism he deemed indispensable to the attainment of this end, he addressed himself, immediately after ascending the throne, to the still more congenial task of resuscitating in his subjects' breasts the martial spirit that a long peace had lulled into lethargy. Scarcely had his brother's remains been laid in the grave when King William publicly presented colours—one hundred and forty-two in number—to the new regiments created during his Regency. A month later a special British Envoy conveyed to him the Order of the Garter. Early in the ensuing autumn he paid a visit to Compiègne, where the

that he meant to "rule as well as reign," commenced as soon as the Houses met in Session (1862). His political programme, including the definitive military preponderance of Prussia in the Bund, and the annexation of the Elbe Duchies, found no favour with the Liberal majority of the National Representatives; he therefore promptly determined to carry it out without their assistance, or, if unavoidable, in spite of them. To this end he called in Herr von Bismarck, upon whom he had long had an eye as one eminently suitable to the office of Premier during a period of struggle and difficulty, and the masterful diplomatist fully justified His Majesty's choice. The King and he, having arrived at a perfect mutual understanding, contrived to get all they wanted done during the ensuing two years without the co-operation of Parliament, and when the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark compelled Germany to choose between acquiescing in the permanent loss of Schleswig-Holstein to the Fatherland and taking steps to recover the provinces by force, the King took the matter out of the Federation's hands into his own, and, although Austria had but a little while previously given him grievous umbrage, admitted Francis Joseph into partnership with him for the enterprise of "levying armed execution" on the Duchies in the name of the Bund.

and defeating all Prussia's foes simultaneously. No officer in all his hosts, however, was so well able as he to appraise the mobility, endurance, and combative value of every army in Europe, for he had spent fifty years of his life in acquiring a practical knowledge of the military systems with more than one of which he was about to measure his own; and the results of the phenomenal Seven Weeks' War in Bohemia, Hanover, and Southern Germany once more proved the Soldier-King to have been correct alike in his conclusions and forecasts. The anxieties and vexations which beset him as, during the prolegomena of the quarrel with Austria, one German Prince after another—amongst them several of his near relatives and dear friends—cast in their lot with Prussia's hereditary foe, would have overwhelmed a less cheerful and resolute nature than his. He, however, gave himself no time for indulgence in useless regret. From early morn till late at night he was busied with the dispositions for the campaign, with inspections, councils of war, audiences, and State business of every kind, until, the troops under his son's and nephew's command having won a series of victories unprecedented even in Prussia's military annals, he was enabled to join his army in the field with a light heart and thankful spirit. At the decisive battle of Königgrätz he commanded the combined First and



SANS SOUCI AND THE ORANGERY



A COUNCIL OF WAR AT VERSAILLES, NOVEMBER, 1870

## HIS THIRD CAMPAIGN

THE brilliant and rapid successes achieved by the Prussian Army in the brief and triumphant 1864 campaign partly opened the eyes of King William's subjects to the fact that, throughout the struggle of the preceding two years, he had been in the right and the Parliament in the wrong. This latter, however, could not be brought to admit its error or comprehend its short-sightedness, and persistently continued to refuse the money grants asked for, Session after Session, by the King through his mouthpiece, Herr von Bismarck, for further developments of Prussia's military and naval forces. During this second "period of conflict" the Chamber never once

Second Armies in person, and was more than once exposed to heavy fire. On the highway near Stresetzitz he was in double danger, having with his staff become entangled in a sharp cavalry encounter whilst the Austrian gunners from afar were plying the "plumed helmets" assiduously with shells. It was during this phase of complex risk that Herr von Bismarck rode up to him, and entreated him not to expose himself so recklessly to unnecessary peril. "Whither," was the King's reply, "would you have me ride, on a field of battle, to get out of the way of the shells whilst my brave troops are under fire?" On the momentous 3rd of July, 1866, His Majesty (then in his seventieth year) was nine hours in the saddle, during which time his only refreshment was a dry crust found lurking in

Emperor of the French was at that time residing—a visit rendered memorable to himself and his army by the circumstance that, in pure courtesy to his Imperial host, the King appeared in plain clothes at a review, Napoleon III. being also *en bourgeois* upon the occasion. From Paris, King William travelled to Königsberg, where his Coronation was appointed to take place on the 18th October, 1861. No little to the surprise of Europe, he utilised this opportunity for the solemn reassertion of the "Divine Right" principle, which Prussian Liberals fondly believed had been expunged for ever from the Prussian Monarchy by the 1848 Revolution and its outcome, the Parliamentary Constitution. Foregoing the customary ecclesiastical ministrations, popularly regarded as impart-





THE EMPEROR WILLIAM  
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH



thesabretache of one of his attendants, and some schnapps diluted with water offered to him by Colonel von Lehnndorff in a soldier's field-flask. Towards the end of the fray the King met his victorious son on the battle-field, embraced him without dismounting, and, dropping his reins, took off his own collar, "Pour le Mérite," and put it round "Fritz's" neck, "so," as he wrote to the Queen of Prussia, describing the events of the day, "that the tears ran down his cheeks." His reception by the population of Berlin upon his return from the scene of war was tumultuously enthusiastic. All misunderstandings between him and his subjects had been permanently dispelled by the splendour of his successes and the nobility of his conduct before the enemy. The nation took him to its heart of hearts; and, from that moment to this, its affection for him has increased until it has become a kind of cultus—ardent hero-worship, blended with fond and reverent regard.

#### PREPARATIONS FOR WAR

SHORTLY after the peace of Nikolsburg had been signed, King William introduced his military system into the territories annexed (Hanover, Nassau, Frankfurt, &c.), and created three new Army Corps, having in view the greatest of all his encounters with the enemies of German Unity—a war with France. It was his desire that this crowning enterprise should be undertaken the following year, when the squabble over Luxemburg promised to afford an excellent pretext for eliciting a challenge from the uneasy and fretful Empire. But the storm-clouds were conjured away by Count Bismarck, whose confidence in the army's capabilities was less absolute—because founded upon less perfect acquaintance with them—than that of the King, who, instead of leading his hosts into France on conquest bent, visited the Paris Exhibition (after celebrating his third, or "Diamond" Army Service Jubilee), and was entertained in the most splendid and graceful manner imaginable by the monarch whose throne and dynasty he was destined three years later to overthrow. During the years 1868-9 the greater part of His Majesty's time was devoted to military reviews (in the autumn of the latter year came off the Grand Royal Manœuvres which created such a profound sensation in European military circles) and inspections, by which the efficiency of the newly-raised forces was brought up to the maximum army standard. The result of his assiduous attention to the training of the troops raised in the *partes annexæ* was that not even the Guard itself, composed of picked men from every province of the monarchy and stimulated to the performance of valorous feats by its splendid traditions of victory, behaved better throughout the campaign in France or contributed more abundantly to the list of German triumphs than did the Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Army Corps, representing the manhood of Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, and the Saxon and Nassau Duchies.

#### HIS FOURTH CAMPAIGN

EARLY in the summer of 1870, the "Army of the North German Confederation" being itself in every respect equal to undertaking the conquest of France, and the alliance of the Southern German powers having been assured to Prussia in case she should be forced into a foreign war, a convenient cause of quarrel with the Third Empire was found in the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish Throne. During the protracted wrangle—in which the French were ingeniously led into putting themselves utterly in the wrong—that preceded the exchange of defiance between France and Germany, the King, who was taking the waters at Ems, maintained a dignified attitude. With Benedetti's importunities—any concession to which would probably have cost him his throne—he dealt as they deserved; and when, at the request of all his German fellow-rulers, he assumed the active command of the entire Teutonic host and placed himself at its head, the great German nation rallied round him as one man, with an enthusiasm little short of ecstatic. Considerably past the age allotted to mortal man in Holy Writ when he joined his armies under the walls of Metz, he rode into the heat and clamour of battle at Rézonville and Gravelotte as steadily and unconcernedly as though he had been a subaltern of eighteen. During the latter engagement he was for many minutes under an artillery fire no less heavy than that he had braved on the sanguinary day of Sadowa. To quote his own words, "It was the old story of the Königgrätz shells over again." Followed by his "General Staff"—some sixty strong, including three of his blood-relations and the three most important State functionaries of Prussia, Counts von Bismarck, von Moltke, and von Roon—he had pushed forward into so "hot a corner" that men and horses were falling fast in his retinue. Bismarck, remembering how he had been snubbed on a

similar occasion four years previously, held his peace, and so did Moltke, "der grosse Schweiger," whose taciturnity was not to be deranged by such "unconsidered trifles" as Chassepôt bullets. But von Roon, when he had had quite enough of being shot at, as he thought unnecessarily, ventured to remonstrate with his old master and friend for exposing recklessly and to no purpose a life inestimably precious to the Fatherland. The King, after bestowing a long and somewhat stern stare upon his interlocutor, closed his field-glasses and rode away without uttering a word, to the great relief of his illustrious following. Subsequently, however—indeed, upon occasions without number—he blamed his Chancellor and War Minister, more in jest, perhaps, than earnest, for their "grand-motherly care of his person and apprehensiveness lest he should get into mischief." "These over-watchful gentlemen," His Majesty was wont to observe, "in their amiable anxiety lest any mishap should befall me, seemed altogether to forget what a joy it was to my brave soldiers to see me amongst them whilst they were encountering mortal danger for their country's sake. What was a little

reading his Declaration of Acceptance and listening to Count Bismarck's recital of the Royal Proclamation, was hedged in, on three of its sides, by the colours of regiments actually taking part in the investment of Paris. As the cheer raised by the Grand Duke of Baden, and taken up by all present with exultant vigour, died away, French cannon growled involuntary acquiescence in the act that achieved German Unity, and set an Imperial seal upon the completed work. On the ninth day after this celebration, Paris surrendered to the Emperor at discretion. Within five years he had overcome both his country's hereditary foes, converted a second-rate Kingdom into a first-class Empire, and given homogeneity of rule, spirit, and policy to a great nationality that had theretofore been irreconcilably divided against itself. Even this last grand consummation of his life-long wishes and labours did not, however, induce him to "rest and be thankful." No sooner had he returned to Berlin at the close of the war than he addressed himself to the formation and training of the six additional Army-Corps accruing to the German National Defences through the vesting in his

person of supreme command over all the hosts of the Fatherland. Between May, 1871, and August, 1874, when the organisation of these forces after the Prussian pattern was completed, the Emperor advanced the work of national consolidation to an incalculable extent by personal superintendence, as remarkable for its surpassing mastery of detail and fertility of expedient as for the exquisite tact with which it was exercised. His only failure during the interim was an attempt to revive the Triple Alliance of 1814, defeated by the intrinsic impossibility of bringing about anything like a community of political interest, or even sympathy, between Russia and Austria. In 1873 (a Great Exhibition year) the Emperor visited Vienna—which capital he had last contemplated with a conqueror's eye from the heights near Gänserndorf—and was cordially received by the good-natured Kaiserstädter. Two years later he became the guest, at Milan, of a man after his own heart, Victor Emanuel—the honest King and dauntless warrior—and reviewed an Italian army-corps under the walls of the ancient Lombard capital. Two attempts were made upon His Majesty's life in the months of May and June, 1878. The former, perpetrated by a muddle-headed assassin, Hödel by name, proved abortive; the latter, planned with cold-blooded astuteness and resolution by Dr. Karl Nobiling, a fantastic Democrat of good parts and superior education, had well nigh proved fatal to the venerable monarch, who sustained some thirty wounds in the head, neck, and arm from two successive discharges of swan-shot, fired at him by Nobiling from a window commanding the Linden Avenue. Fortunately, none of the projectiles reached the organs of vitality; but the Emperor lost so much blood before his wounds could be dressed that for some time his life was in danger. His extraordinary vigour of constitution, however, enabled him to recover full health and strength in an incredibly short space of time. In less than five months after he was stricken down by his would-be assassin he was attending a late autumn manœuvre in the provinces on horseback. On the 11th June, 1879, he celebrated his Golden Wedding in the presence of over fifty German Kings and Princes. Gifts by the thousand, congratulations by the hundred thousand, poured in upon him from every part of the Fatherland, testifying to the sincerity of the esteem in which he is held by the German nation. At brief intervals before that memorable day he had received the felicitations of the Prussian Army upon two of those "jubilee" anniversaries which, during his later years, so often served to remind the world of the phenomenally exceptional position he occupied amongst contemporary monarchs and soldiers. One of these *fêtes* was his "Adamantine" Jubilee, on the completion of his seventieth year of army service as a com-

missioned officer; the other his "Diamond" Jubilee as a General of sixty years' standing. He has since celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary (1st January, 1882) of his first commission's date. Of his grandchildren, nine in number, three are married; and the inexpressible joy has been vouchsafed to the Imperial octogenarian of holding over the baptismal font his great-grandson in the male line, heir-presumptive in the second degree to the thrones of Germany and Prussia. His eldest daughter, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, married the Erbprinz Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen, her cousin, early in 1878, and the first result of this union—daughter—inaugurated the German Emperor's career as a great-grandfather in the following spring. In 1881 Prince William, the eldest son of "Our Fritz" and of Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain, took to himself the wife of his choice, a daughter of the hardly-used Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein (Augustenburg), and a son was born to the youthful pair. Another of the Emperor's great grandchildren, the latest born, will perhaps one of these days wear the crowns of Sweden and Norway.

(Continued on page 278)



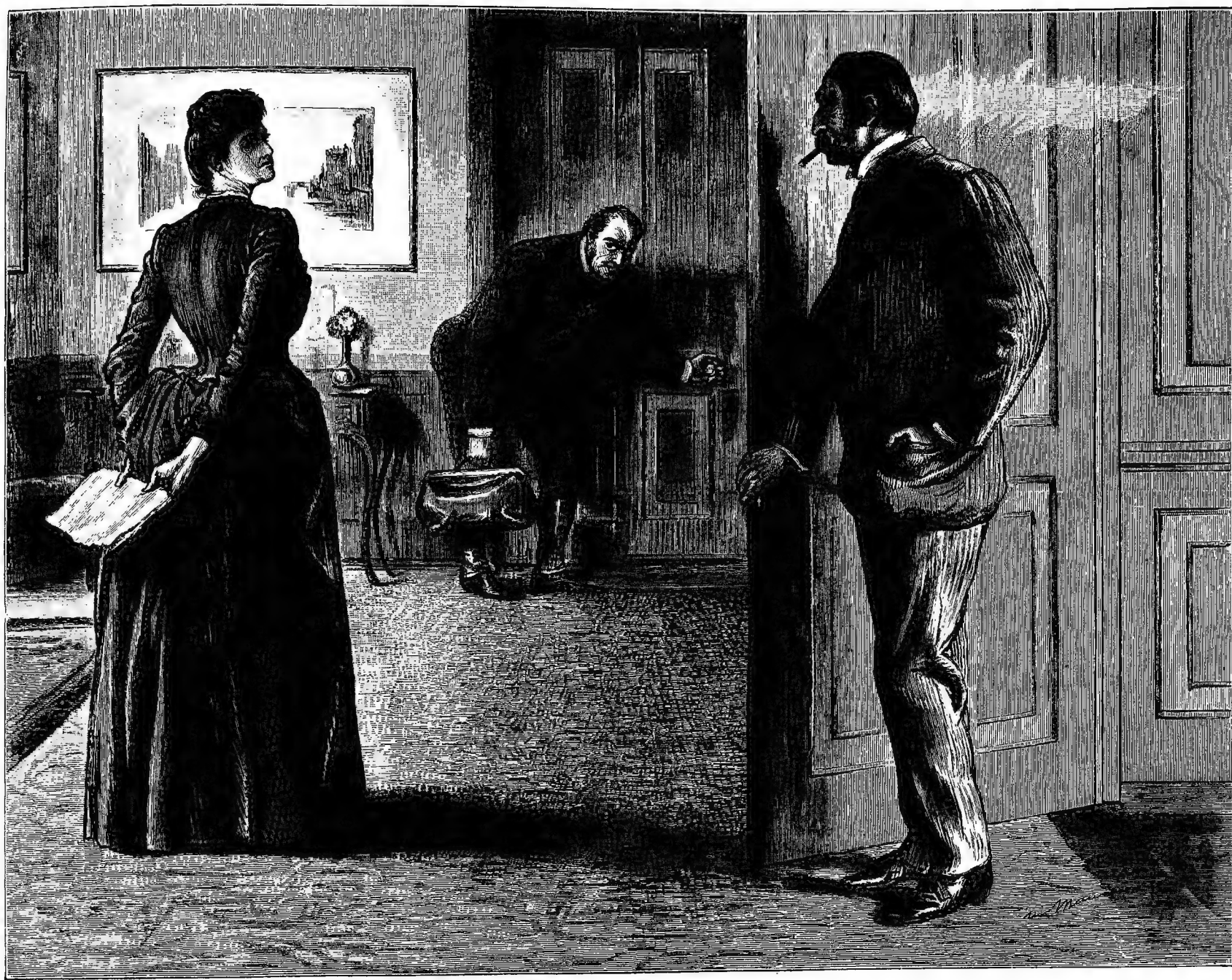
FOUR GENERATIONS OF HOHENZOLLERNS—THE EMPEROR WILLIAM, BORN MARCH 22, 1797; THE CROWN PRINCE, BORN OCT. 18, 1831; PRINCE WILLIAM, BORN JANUARY 27, 1859; PRINCE WILLIAM, BORN MAY 6, 1882  
From a Photograph taken in 1882

risk to me in comparison to the gratification I derived from witnessing their splendid gallantry?" It was during the first week of November, when the besieging army was solidly settled down round Paris, that the Sovereigns of Germany, with Louis of Bavaria as their spokesman, offered the sovereignty of the Fatherland to William I., who, at first reluctant to accept it, was ultimately moved to do so by considerations in which his beloved son's future occupied the foremost rank.

#### HIS REIGN AS GERMAN EMPEROR

ON the 18th January, 1871—the Coronation Day of his ancestor, Frederick I., the Founder of the Royal Line of Hohenzollerns—King William I. of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor by acclamation in the Salle des Glaces of Versailles Palace. The ceremony was exclusively a military one. A special service was read by an army chaplain, two *chorales* were chanted by a choir of foot-soldiers, and the *estrade* upon which His Majesty stood whilst





DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

The agent bowed almost to the ground, and passed out of the room by another door just as Sir Richard entered it, cigar in mouth, from the library.

# THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE UNJUST STEWARD

LADY TREVOR was a resolute woman: having once put her hand to the plough, no matter how stubborn the soil, she was not one to look back. If right had been upon her side, she would have been a martyr, rather than have succumbed to any one. But in the matter in which it was but too plain the land-agent was so evidently rejoicing, unhappily, the right was not with her. If she had been less conscientious, or more desperate, she would have shown a bolder front to him, but she had no firm ground to stand upon. Moreover, the unexpectedness of the attack—for she had feared no danger from this quarter—and her ignorance of how she had brought it upon herself, threw her into a species of panic.

"Are you mad, Mr. Morris?" she cried, with a pretence of vehement indignation; but in truth she felt that her wits were leaving her—of which, if she lost command for a moment, she knew that all was lost indeed.

"I am not mad, my lady, nor yet drunk," was the coarse reply, "but can put two and two together, as well as yourself, who are so quick at figures."

"Then what is it you mean?"

It was a foolish question, and, as she knew directly she had uttered it, one wholly inadequate to the occasion. She ought to have been all indignation and amazement. The proper course—that is, the course that this man would naturally expect of her—was to go to her husband on the instant, and complain of the impertinence to which she had been subjected. But, incapable as she felt of defending herself, to make Sir Richard a party to the quarrel would have been worse than futile. He would have kicked the man out of doors and "have done with it," as he would have himself expressed it, though such a proceeding would have been the beginning of ruin.

"What do I mean, my lady?" repeated the agent, sullenly. "Well, that's a question that you can answer better than I can, because I have only got hold of the first thread of the matter; but you may take it for granted that I mean to unravel the whole of it. I only know at present that there's something wrong about you."

She smiled contemptuously, wondering the while what was working in the other's mind, without the knowledge of which she felt that she was fighting the air. Her silence, while it strengthened his growing suspicion, betrayed her thoughts.

"You want me to show my hand, madam, but there is plenty of time for that. Indeed, I don't know what card I have in it myself, just yet."

"That I can easily believe indeed," she put in, mockingly, as it

seemed to him, but in fact almost hysterically; the tension of her nerves was giving way.

"Well we shall see," he answered meaningly, "but let them laugh who win. You were good enough to say that it was but fair I should take a little time for defence; perhaps it will be for attack instead. Of this I am well nigh certain, madam, that you are sailing under false colours."

"That is a matter about which, indeed, you should know something; you have had a long experience of it, Mr. Morris."

A dusky red overspread the agent's face; and his huge frame trembled with passion. It is a mistake to suppose that the innocent have the monopoly of what we call an honest indignation; a long course of successful villany, especially if the wrongdoer has been accustomed to lord it over his betters, breeds a similar sensitiveness to imputation. His companion noted his rising wrath with pleasure; if he would only lose his temper, and throw down his cards!

"Oh, you brave English!" she cried, accentuating, by design, the slightly foreign pronunciation she always affected, "when you are cheats, what cheats you are!"

"Cheats!" cried the agent, transported with passion, "you are a pretty one to talk of cheating. Why you are a cheat yourself, and English too! I have watched you, and so have others I could name"—this last was a happy thought. So far as the speaker knew, it was not true, but he threw in the falsehood at haphazard as a reckless cook might throw in some preserves or condiments into the dish she was preparing, which as it happens, turns out to be its chief attraction—"and we have found out at least this much, that you are playing some trick upon us; Mirbridge folk may not be so sharp as you, but they are not moles."

Lady Trevor laughed aloud; it was easier to do so than to make any articulate reply; he did not notice the false ring of it, and her ridicule aroused his ire.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "you have been here before."

"Indeed! now I wonder how you found that out; you who are not a mole, but a weasel!"

"Well, for one thing, because no one who did not know the trick of it could have opened yonder safe. It did not take you a second, though it would have taken me five minutes perhaps; there is no one in the house but your husband—if he is your husband—who could have done the like."

"I see. Then it never struck you that, the safe having been placed in my care, my husband—if, as you say, he is my husband, which is really a most humorous touch, and does your country wit great credit—should have taught me how to open it."

"Ah; but you said just now," returned the other cunningly, "that it had been opened only once, and that by Sir Richard—a

most unfortunate admission for you. You may tell me, of course, that you were lying; but, if one lies in one thing, one may lie in another."

"Another leaf from the book of your experience," she answered contemptuously.

"Yes, yes; you are not going to put me off the scent by the rancour of your speech, madam," he answered vehemently. "Your face is more truthful than your tongue, and I can see that I am right. You stand in fear of me, Lady Trevor."

It was true enough; but he was not sure of it, nor was she sure of any step she took, though she should put her foot down ever so firmly. They were playing a game of brag together, and for high stakes.

"Afraid of you, the unjust steward, the oppressor of the poor—the villain who uses his kind master's name to cover his own rapacity! An insolent cur that bites the hand that feeds him. Since you talk of what others say, let me tell you that, sir."

"Still, I notice that you don't go into the other room and make your appeal to Sir Richard," he answered cunningly. "There is something in that, too, that requires explanation, don't you think?"

"To you, who have no more heart than conscience, it may be so. You know that your master is ill—and perhaps dying; that he has been worried; that any excitement may be fatal to him; and yet you express surprise that I do not run the risk of injuring him, because a worthless fellow, for whom the gaol gapes, and whose words I make no more account of than the idle wind, has dared to be impertinent to me."

"Impertinent! Nay, madam, what I have said to you is pertinent enough. You tell me something of your own accord—which you had rather have bitten your tongue out than have spoken, now that it is too late—and then you find that it does not square with what you do. It is a small thing for any lady to know the trick of a lock; but it is little straws which show the way the wind blows. I say again, you are not what you profess to be."

"You will find, I think, that that will not be evidence," she answered coldly, "or tell much in your favour, if it is, when you come to be tried at the Assizes. You know best what will be urged against you; but, at all events, I have laid my finger on two blots—mere specks, no doubt, in your dark career of fraud."

He held up his hand with the air of one who seeks for information, and exclaimed, "One moment, my lady; what blots?"

"I am referring to these two accounts. Two straws which, as you say, show how the wind is blowing. Your numerous overcharges in respect to the fowlhouse and Mrs. Waite's cottage."

"She has said it again," continued the other, triumphantly.



"Three times has she let the cat out of the bag! Why there has been no Mrs. Waite these twenty years! There is no mention of her in the account at all! How same you to speak of her by name, as if you had known her a generation ago, before she married her second husband, Gayton? Tell me *that*, my lady?"

For the moment "my lady" could answer nothing. The thought of the indiscretion she had committed overwhelmed her with confusion. It was indeed, a small thing, but, as it had proved itself to be, full of the most fatal significance. Thus it was, she had remembered to have read, in the cases of far greater wrongdoers. With whatever solicitude they concealed the evidences of their crime, there was always an unconsidered chink in the armour of their prudence. They cannot be for ever pacing like sentinels before the gate of their misdeeds to turn back all intruders. Though they keep their finger upon their very lips, it does not prevent a slip of the tongue. Of course, she ought to have remembered that Mrs. Waite, whose name had once been very naturally a household word to her, for she had kept the Lodge Gates when she herself had been a school girl, and had seen her pass through them every day, had lost her husband and married again, but this fact she had forgotten to pigeon-hole in her recollection. It was so natural to her to say "Mrs. Waite" that it never even occurred to her to correct herself; as the land agent had reminded her, she had used the name three times, and but for his reference to the fact, she would doubtless have gone on doing so. Even if she should get out of this particular difficulty, she foresaw that when speaking with this man, his suspicions having once been excited and his interest bound up in their confirmation, there would be a hundred pitfalls for her. It even seemed to her for one despairing moment that it would be better to take him into her confidence than to let him find out the truth for himself. She could make it well worth his while to be silent. One instant's consideration, however, stifled the suicidal thought. For even if he was convinced that she was not what she pretended to be, he would be far indeed from guessing who she really was. Her identity was hidden where even this cunning scoundrel would never dream of looking for it—in the grave. On the other hand, to defy him would be very dangerous, for defiance in his case must necessarily involve the invocation of the law—that law which she had not herself as yet transgressed, but which she had the intention of transgressing, and whose searching eyes she had as much cause to fear as he had. That he had robbed Sir Richard right and left she was convinced, and it was clear that he knew her to be so: if she condoned his crime, he would set it down, not to mercy, but to fear, and from that moment she would be in his power, compelled not only to sit down under the wrongs that had been done, but to submit to his future depredations without a murmur. All these considerations passed through her mind in a second, leaving, however, one firm resolve behind them that, come what might, she would never be black-mailed. Rather than be under this man's thumb, it seemed preferable to her to die a thousand deaths. Moreover, if she did die, and he survived her, would not Hugh also be under her thumb, a thought that stung her into fury.

"You fool," she cried, with no simulated passion, "what mare's nest have you discovered? What matters it to me what this woman's name is? I spoke of her as I heard my husband speak of her; I suppose he had forgotten that she had married again."

The land agent shook his head incredulously. "No, madam, that won't do," he cried. "Sir Richard has spoken to me of the person in question without falling into the error that has betrayed you. I don't deny that if the thing stood alone you might get out of it that way, but, coupled with the matter of the safe, it is to my mind insurmountable. The fact, therefore, is this, that I, too, have a key to a certain mystery—though I have not yet learnt the trick of the lock. It may take time, but the law, which moves very slowly, will give me time, and is moreover, itself a picker of locks. It is quite extraordinary what curious things come out in cross-examinations. Some women—supposed to be spotless as the sun, have sometimes, for example, a difficulty in procuring their marriage lines: you smile—but not, as it seems to me, quite so contemptuously as before—well, that is a shaft I shot at random. It may have gone home or not, only when your ladyship speaks of restitution, you must be prepared for all that happens on the road to it. You will not get one farthing, at least out of my pocket, except by the pressure of the law, which will squeeze out a good many other things, you may rely upon it. A prolonged case, involving, as you have hinted, transactions over many years, tried in the county town, where all your neighbours will come and gape to hear it. Gossip and scandal on their tip-toes: the newspapers full of the great Trevor case; you know not (again I quote your own words) what may be urged against you; your past may be immaculate, though I doubt it; but, whatever it is, you may rely upon it it shall appear. As to my own danger, one must risk something; it is not, however, (for why should I not speak plainly with you?) as if I had put my hands into Sir Richard's pocket and taken his watch."

"What is the difference?" she put in quickly.

"Ah, you are speaking of the moral aspect," he answered with a sneer; "such considerations are out of my line. I am a practical man. What I meant you to understand was, that if this were a simple case—let us say, merely as an illustration, of felony, then indeed you might cry 'Away with him,' all other matters would be irrelevant, the judge would refuse to go into them. But your humble servant is not to be got rid of in that fashion. Whatever I may have done is capable of explanation; there will be two opinions about it (if one of them be only that of my counsel); the affair will be gone into from first to last. You will find Robert Morris a hard nut to crack, and your ladyship may break your teeth at it."

"Then I shall find a shorter way with you," was the quiet response. "Heaven is my witness that I would have spared you, but your insolence and brutality have put mercy out of court. Take up your accounts, Mr. Morris; it is the last time that you will have the custody of them, for you are no longer steward."

"You will find that I am not so easily dismissed," he answered, with a laugh—which had, however, something of discomfort in it; "you had better think twice of this."

She rose to her feet, and pointed to the papers haughtily. "Put them in the bag, you Judas, and go your way. You flatter yourself that you have become by grafting a finished knave, but there is something still left in you of the original fool. Why could you not content yourself with embezzlement, which, as you say, is comparatively safe? What lust of gain could have induced you to sell the Romney picture?"

"The Romney!" The papers which he had been making a pretence of collecting fell from his hands; his jaw dropped, and the huge mouth, distorted with a malignant grin, became a mere cavern; the perspiration stood upon his brow like mildew.

"I don't know what your ladyship means," he stammered, his tone grown suddenly slavishly respectful; "the Romney is in the gallery."

"A copy. I know where the original is to be found, and the price that was paid for it. This day there will be a warrant issued against you for stealing it, and in forty-eight hours, at furthest, you will be in Derby gaol."

"You will surely not be so precipitate?" he pleaded. There was a touch of sarcastic defiance even yet in his words; but the tone was abject. Above all, there was no attempt at denial. Her audacity—for in her desperation she had drawn her bow at a venture, trusting solely to Mr. Gurdon's confident assertion—had been crowned with success.

"Why not?" she answered contemptuously. "Have you

shown yourself so deserving of mercy? Well, perhaps, when the sentence is about to be pronounced, Sir Richard may be induced to intercede in mitigation of punishment. It will be for some term of years, I suppose, in any case."

"What would you have me do?" he murmured hoarsely.

"I suppose," she said, taking no notice of his question, "you will wish us to be silent upon the matter of these accounts, which you were just now so eager to go into? I can hardly promise it; indeed, I am not sure whether it would not be compounding a felony."

He made a movement of sullen impatience.

"To you, of course, nothing seems a crime; but, at all events on your part, there must, at least, be restitution."

"Restitution! I have not ten pounds that I can call my own."

"Then where are our thousands?"

"Gone! Lost in speculation! Great heavens, do you suppose I would have—?" He hesitated.

"Sold the picture, you were going to say," she put in drily.

She was not a cruel woman; but she felt a certain pleasure in the spectacle of this man's abasement—in the command she had recovered of herself, as well as gained over him. She had tasted of the bitterness of death; and now she revelled in one of "the wild joys of living" hitherto unknown to her—"sweet revenge" on the man who had held the cup to her lips and so relentlessly pressed it on her.

"Yes. I was pressed for ready money," he admitted sullenly.

"Well, take up those things and go. Your presence is hateful to me."

"Then you mean to ruin me?"

"You *are* ruined, it seems. It is merely a question of your punishment."

"Does Sir Richard know?" he inquired hoarsely.

"Not yet. Other people know, if you are thinking of murdering me." His face had indeed an ugly look; but it passed away, and left it only slavish. "It is, of course, my duty to tell him. It will agitate him very much. That is the sole consideration, you will understand, that will weigh with me in this matter."

He nodded his huge head assentingly: he understood her very well. There was never, she meant, in case she spared him, to be the shadow of a reference to the subject of his suspicions of her: they were not to be supposed to influence her conduct by a hair's breadth. The only effect of his entreating them had been to place him, bound hand and foot, at her mercy.

"You may depend, madam, for the future—if you are so good as to look over what has happened—upon my most faithful service," he pleaded humbly.

"I do not thank you for that, sir," she answered coldly.

"Your recognisances are sufficiently heavy to secure your good behaviour."

"And in the mean time you will promise me, madam—"

"Nothing," she interrupted slowly, "I will make no compact with you of any sort or kind. Stop; upon second thoughts you may leave the papers. If you receive them again, you may take it for a sign that you are retained in Sir Richard's services, at my pleasure."

The agent bowed almost to the ground, and passed out of the room by another door, just as Sir Richard entered it, cigar in mouth, from the library.

"What, then you have not brought Morris to book after all, Nannie? Confess now, you have found a mare's nest, and sent him away to escape my gibes."

"I am by no means satisfied of his rectitude, but there is still a doubt, and for the present, at all events, I am induced to give him the benefit of it."

"Quite right; it is all very well to talk of 'making examples' of people, but in the first place one is not perfect oneself, and in the second, I have arrived at that period of life when there seems nothing to be desired but peace and quietness."

(To be continued)



CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—Two songs, the charming words by Lewis Novra, are: "Sleep," which has been set to appropriate music by Mrs. J. E. Vernham, and will win favour wherever it is heard; and "Can You Forget?" which has inspired Sydney Shaw with a very simple but melodious setting. Both these songs are of medium compass.—Useful to the medium player on the organ, harmonium, or American organ are "The Organist's Companion" (Book I.), and "The Vesper Voluntaries" (Book XIX.); the former contains a number of short interludes and other Church service music, by Nicholas Heins, the latter a somewhat musical collection, the greater number sacred, but amongst the secular pieces are included a lively "Gavotte" and "Menuet," by Jules Thérèse.—Two clever compositions by G. St. George consist of "Elégie," for violin or violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment; and "Reveil du Printemps," an overture, which is arranged in various forms for a full orchestra and for a limited number of executants. The two arrangements before us are a trio for two violins and piano, and a pianoforte solo.—Equally to be commended as the above are "Trois Danses de Salon," *pour le piano*, by Carl Weber: No. 1, "Valse Melancolique;" No. 2, "Gavotte;" No. 3, "Menuet."—By Herbert F. Sharpe are "Two Musical Sketches" for the pianoforte: No. 1, "Mignon;" No. 2, "A Capriccio;" also "Idylle," for flute or violin and pianoforte; and "Four Duets for Two Violins, with pianoforte accompaniments:" No. 1, "Ballade;" No. 2, "Bourrée Caractéristique;" No. 3, "Barcarolle;" and No. 4, "Hornpipe." The whole of this group is worthy the attention of amateurs and professional students.—A very graceful and striking portrait of Miss Mary Anderson as "Hermione" attracts attention to a prettily-written waltz, by Gilbert Byass, which bears that name.—The same may be said of "The Sylvan Glen," a polka mazurka, by Karl Kiefert, which is adorned by a very picturesque frontispiece of rural scenery.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"In Memoriam: Hear My Prayer, O Lord," a trio for equal voices, basses, or contraltos, by J. H. Pope, is a fairly good composition, not quite lacking in originality. A pleasing addition to the home circle is "Jesus, the Very Thought is Sweet," a sacred song, with *ad lib.* chorus, composed by T. Collier Grounds. A dainty little poem by Barry Cornwall, "The Nights," has been tastefully set to music by C. E. Rowley for four voices—S. A. T. B. (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—Under the title of "The Sacred Compositions of T. Sydney Smith" we have a very cleverly-written duet for tenor and bass, "Ecce Panis Angelorum," offertorium from First Mass in G, by St. Charles Borromeo; this composition will prove of great use to cultivated singers of Church music (Messrs. Burns and Oates).—A song which will make a good and lasting impression is "The Toilers," the pathetic words and appropriate music by M. Piccolomini, who has never done better than in this composition, which is published in three keys (Messrs. H. Klein and Co.).—"O, Tais Toi, Cœur Qui Soupire," music by Moray Maclean, is a pretty and sentimental love song for a tenor (Messrs. B. Hollis and Co.).—Frederick Locker has supplied the graceful poetry "To Mabel At Her Window," which C. E. Rowley has set to pleasing music for a tenor or high baritone. The above-named composer has been equally successful with "When in the Silence of the Night," a love poem, by T. M'Cormick (Messrs. Forsyth Bros.).

## DERELICT FARMS IN IRELAND

THE institution of "derelict" farms is the most curious and significant of the many strange phenomena presented by contemporary Ireland. As is well known, these are farms from which the tenant has been evicted, but for which no new tenant can be procured hardy enough to brave the wrath of the League. They are what the National League call "scarecrows" set up pretty thickly all the country over, with the view of intimidating landlords, and beyond question to a certain extent they have that effect. Till this peculiar domestic institution be suppressed wholly and utterly, no one can say that Ireland is governed in the honest sense of that word. The derelict farm and its history are watched closely, and often with much genuine amusement, by a thousand neighbouring eyes. Dan Donovan, let us say, of Lissacahill, falling divers years into arrears with his rent, is evicted, and moves, himself and family, into the snug timber hut erected for him on some old road or common hard by, or on the holding of the next neighbour. The cloud of policemen, sheriff's men, bailiffs, &c., melt away, rolling off on their "out-sides." A residuum, however, remains behind possessing a keen interest for Dan in particular, and for the whole country side as well.

The residuum is a hard-featured, wiry-looking Northern man, of the tough Ulster Protestant breed, his name probably Sandy, who, expressing himself with a crisp, sharp, detonating utterance, becomes at once an object of great amusement to the softer Milesian race of the neighbourhood. Their vacant laughter is loud and long when some mimic succeeds in hitting off some of Sandy's more striking peculiarities. They do not want for opportunities of studying his ways, for neither he nor his police-guard are, as a rule, regarded with black looks and hatred. Often very friendly relations become established between the garrison and the country side, and even between the garrison and Dan. A friend of mine, calling at one of his garrisoned farms, found his Sandy and the police making a new window in their house-castle. A peasant, crowbar in hand, was lustily boring through the wall.

My friend said, "Who is this man?" "Yerra, your honour, don't you know me? Sure I'm the man you evicted last Shrove-tide. I was in dread that the po-lis would spile the wall makin' the windy, so I done it meself."

On another occasion his head man commanding two others happened to be an old soldier. Arriving, this old soldier called at all the neighbouring cottages, and gave warning that he would shoot any cattle found trespassing on the evicted premises. The neighbours, having consulted, sent a deputation, headed by the local schoolmaster, to interview this iron man upon the subject.

The schoolmaster, in set pedantic phrase, explained to the man of war, who stood armed, with his subordinates behind him, that his threatened action was illegal.

"Tell me," replied the other, "my good man, do you pay me wages?"

"Of course, I don't. Why should I pay you wages?"

"Well, you just mind your own business, and leave me to carry out the orders of my employers as pays me wages."

But to return to our typical Sandy. He came a lean, hard, and wiry man, but, with ever-increasing amusement, the country people note that Sandy grows fatter. In fact, the poor man, who was previously a hard-worked labourer, having nothing to do, being fed like a fighting-cock, and, enjoying good wages, speedily develops a certain amusing rotundity of person. He finds, too, that it is not good for a man to be alone, hence he welcomes the visits of the neighbours, and, truth to tell, the safe-guarding of the fields and the driving-off of trespassers sometimes grow, as is conceivable under such circumstances, very lax.

But the acmé of the derelict farm institution is reached when, as not unfrequently happens, the landlord withdraws his Emergency man, and lets the land shift for itself. Sandy costs about 60s. a year, and the farm which he guards may not be worth 5s. per annum. Hence Sandy is frequently withdrawn—with results. Then down go the fences and in come the neighbouring cattle. The landlord pays the rates and county cess, but the neighbours and their beasts enjoy the use of the lands rent free. It becomes an all-men's land—a common very useful to the neighbours. But the climax of the absurdity has yet to be described.

Dan of Lissacahill, ensconced in his snug timber-hut, and observing the cattle of his neighbours fattening rent-free upon the pastures which were his, and which, not only in his own opinion, but according to National League theory, are his still, begins to think that this is not fair. If the neighbours get grass there for their cows, and make money by the transaction, surely they should pay for the privilege, and to whom should the payments be made but to him, the real, equitable owner of those nutritious pastures? Friends and relations back up this view, which, of course, is in perfect harmony with the agrarian philosophy of the National League, and so Dan, now released from the obligation of paying taxes, and county cess, and poor rates, a very onerous burden, exacts, and receives, grazing rents from the neighbours whose cattle feed in the evicted premises.

Let me give the history of an evicted farmer, with the circumstances of which I am perfectly acquainted. The landlord is a personal friend, and has often complained to me of his wrongs, and wondered what is to become of a country where such things are endured. His father, when land-prices were high and the law respected, bought for 240s. the fee simple of a farm, the tenant of which paid 12s. a-year rent. This gentleman, who was a benignant old clergyman, shortly before his death forgave the tenant three years' rent, or 36s. My friend, who was his father's heir, did not evict till two years' more arrears of rent had accrued. He then evicted, making a reasonable offer to the tenant as to his arrears, and proposing a reduction of the rent to 9s. a-year, which was the Poor Law valuation. The evicted tenant, of course, got into a snug Land League hut, and posted himself as sentinel on the mearings (boundaries) of the farm. My friend put in two Emergency men, and four policemen were assigned for their protection. The wages of the former were three pounds a-week. The evicted man proving refractory he withdrew one of the Emergency men, and retained the other for a period of six months. Eventually, as he did not wish to become a bankrupt himself, he withdrew that one Emergency man, and let matters go their own course. First the farm became a common, and then the evicted tenant began to exact grazing-rents. My friend, in hope that something may turn up, continues to pay the rates and taxes, which amount to 3s. 10s. per annum. He never got anything out of that extraordinary farm. He has lost his father's 240s., which would otherwise have been his; has lost seven or eight years' rent; lost the cost of eviction proceedings and the heavy wages of the Emergency men, and has been steadily paying the rates and taxes. Meantime, the evicted tenant is paid rent by the neighbours.

Now even under the Balfour régime these things are going on in all quarters of Ireland—things that are so ludicrous and so pitiable that those who do not live in Ireland, and are not practically acquainted with the country, find it hard to think them credible. True they are, nevertheless. Three of the four Provinces of Ireland are, as one might say, pockmarked with derelict farms, and wherever there is a derelict farm there is some such farce-tragedy as that which I have described. But the cure? Really I can tell nothing about the cure, I merely tell fact. The cure, I suppose, ought to be discovered and applied by those whose business it is, and those are statesmen.

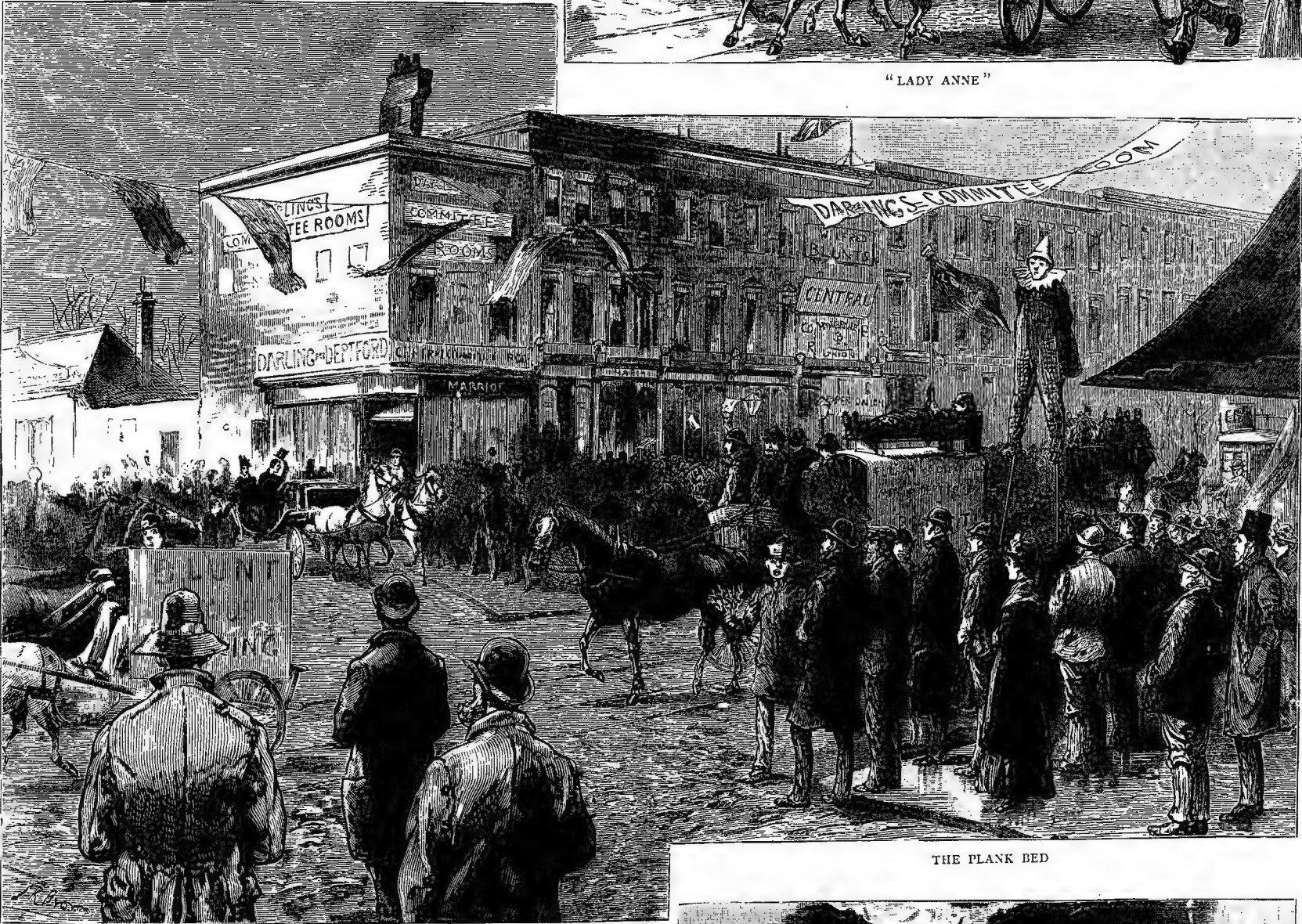




HOME RULE MUSIC—VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL



"LADY ANNE"

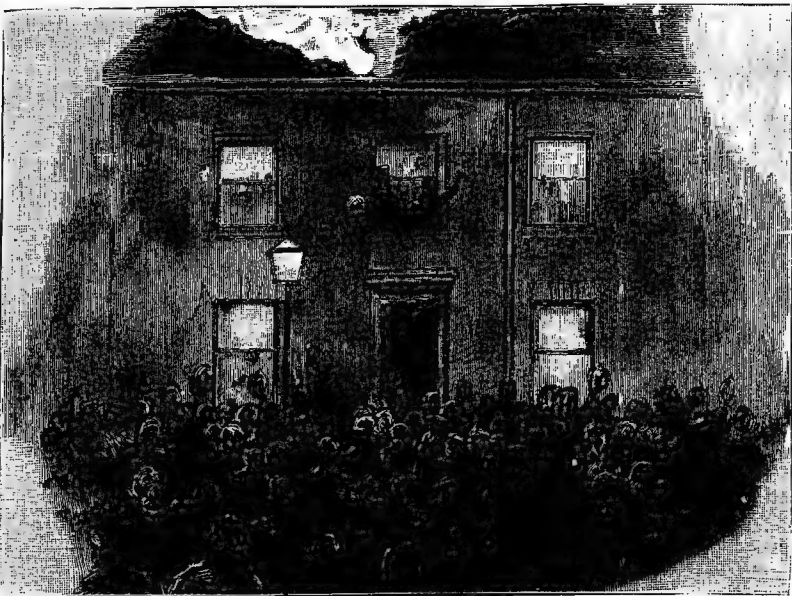


THE THICK OF THE FIGHT

THE PLANK BED

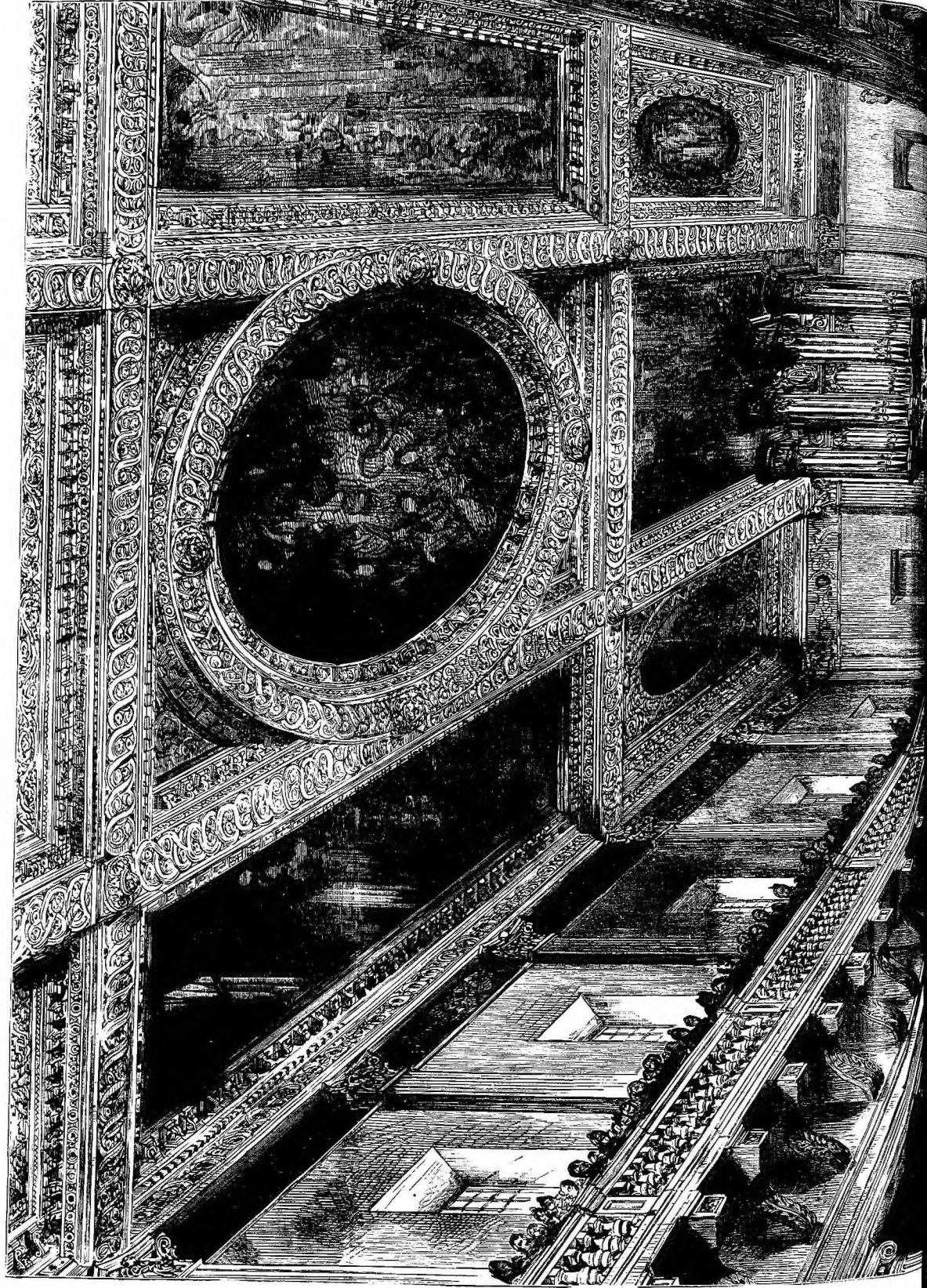


A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE IN POLITICS



MR. DARLING RETURNS THANKS





THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES  
THE SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL





NEVER before, perhaps, has a book been published under quite such curious circumstances as those which attend the appearance of "Emin Pasha in Central Africa" (George Philip and Son). Not long ago the name of Emin Pasha was unknown, save to a few scientific men in England and Germany. Then arose the troubles in the Sudan, which Gordon in vain tried to quell, and gradually it became known that somewhere near the Equator an European was still holding, alone, a large tract of country against the hordes of the Mahdi. The interest and romance of the situation aroused universal curiosity, and to-day Emin Pasha's name is known throughout the world. Facts about him gradually came to light. His friends in England and Germany have published some of his letters and journals, and the public interest has resulted, as every one knows, in the relief expedition of Mr. H. M. Stanley, of which, while we write, no certain news has been received for some months. In the present volume, the public craving for authentic information about Emin Pasha is amply satisfied. It is the work of several hands. The book consists, in the main, of such letters and journals of Emin Pasha as have been received by his friends within the last few years (the first letter is dated "Dufilé, July 16, 1877"). These have been annotated and edited by Professor G. Schweinfurth, Professor F. Ratzel, Dr. R. W. Felkin, and Dr. Hartlaub. They are translated into English by Mrs. R. W. Felkin, while Dr. Felkin contributes an introduction, partly translated from the introduction to the German edition of the journals, but mainly written from personal knowledge. The book is therefore complete and curious. Emin speaks for himself in his letters, and his friend speaks for him in the introduction; and it is curious to think that Emin himself is at present, and is for long likely to remain, quite ignorant of the fact that his letters and journals have thus been given to the world. The view here presented of his character is that of an extremely interesting and fine mind. Emin Pasha is a German, born on March 28th, 1840, at Oppeln, Silesia. His name is Eduard Schnitzer, and he is an M.D. of Berlin. A taste for travel took him early to the East, where he studied Eastern tongues, and showed himself proficient in learning them. He once returned home, and then left Germany again for Africa. In the Sudan he met General Gordon, who at once recognised in Dr. Schnitzer a man of the first abilities. Gordon employed him on many expeditions and diplomatic missions, all of which Dr. Schnitzer conducted with marked skill. From being Surgeon-in-Chief of the Equatorial Province he became at last Governor; and to identify himself fully with the Mohammedan people among whom he had to live he abandoned his German name, and took the Arabic one of Emin, or "the faithful one." How bravely Emin Pasha has held his territory in the face of fearful odds; how boldly and manfully he has grappled with the evils of the slave trade, which is the curse of Central Africa; how much he has contributed to our knowledge of the zoology, botany, and ethnology of the Equatorial Provinces of Africa—this, and much more, may be read in the volume before us. It is the record of the life-work of a man of exceptional power and nobility of character, and no one, whether he be of scientific tastes or not, can read the book without finding in it much that is of the highest interest. The whole story is a romance, and Emin Pasha is a worthy hero of it.

Mr. J. G. Buckle's "Theatre Construction and Maintenance" (the Stage Office) is sound, suggestive work. It is the result, obviously, of close and careful study, and were all Mr. Buckle's suggestions to be adopted, fires in theatres would practically be things of the past. Most of his rules could be put in force in the existing theatres; but Mr. Buckle has an ideal theatre of his own. This is a building sunk in a moat, with the gallery entrance level with the ground, the other parts of the house being approached by inclined terraces, without steps. The view of the theatre shown in the frontispiece is not particularly attractive, and it ought not to be by any means an insoluble problem to give us a practically safe theatre which should yet be built on the ground, and not below it. But every architect has his "fads," and for the sake of the much excellent matter in Mr. Buckle's book we may forgive him the ugliness of his design for the model theatre.

"The Island," by Mr. Richard Whiteing (Longmans), is undeniably clever. It is admirably written, and it has observation and humour. Its sub-title is "An Adventure of a Person of Quality." The "Person of Quality" is a peer who, dissatisfied with the existing social arrangements, flies from London to the South Sea Islands, where he falls in love with a native beauty. The love passages are written with tenderness, and the character of the girl "Victoria" is finely conceived. But the note of the work is its satire, and this is pungent enough to make the book widely read. Mr. Whiteing thinks the social order all wrong. He sees in it nothing but a scramble for the good things, in which the strongest and the cunningest possess all, and the weak and the simple are trodden underfoot. Politics, the Church, the City, all come under his lash; and these satirical passages are penned with an intensity and a fire which recall at times some of the more pungent passages in Swift. Of course it is only a half-view. Civilised Society is partly what Mr. Whiteing represents it; but if it were not something more it could not hold together for a day. Mentors like Mr. Whiteing have their distinct uses in calling attention to much that is bad in our civilisation, and the satirist has always been a helpful friend to the reformer. Anyway, Mr. Whiteing's book is exceedingly clever, and it will find many readers.

"The Pythchley Hunt, Past and Present," by the late H. O. Nethercote (Sampson Low), is very carefully compiled, and is an interesting volume. The author, Mr. H. O. Nethercote, died unexpectedly the day after his MS. was completed, and the revision of the text has been carried out by his old friend Mr. Charles Edmonds. The story of the Pythchley is carried as far back as the time of Lord Arundel's first pack of hounds from 1670 to 1700, and the mastership of Lord Althorp from 1808 to 1817 marked an important era in the history of the hunt. Earl Spencer, Sir Charles Knightley, Lord Sondes, Sir Bellingham Graham, and Mr. John Chaworth Musters helped, up till 1826, to uphold the popularity of the hunt, and since the second decade of the century they have been succeeded by a long line of eminent masters. Mr. Nethercote has been at infinite pains to collect material for his book, and in two chapters he gives memoirs of the masters down to the present date, and accounts of some of the most distinguished members. The book has several illustrations, which add to its interest. A view of old Pythchley Hall forms the frontispiece, and there are, besides, several portraits. The book, in short, is complete, and is a highly valuable contribution to the history of sport in England.

At length Messrs. Cassell and Co. have issued the second volume of Mr. Henry Morley's "English Writers." We called attention to this important work at the time of the publication of the first volume. Mr. Morley's plan is modestly styled "an attempt towards a history of English literature." The first volume brought the story to Caedmon; the present one takes it to the time of the Conquest, and Mr. Morley hopes that the third and fourth volumes will be ready for publication during the present year. How difficult it is to write a satisfactory work of this magnitude it is unnecessary to point out. No man's knowledge of all the periods of English

literature is so complete that the specialist in particular periods could not point out errors. But of all living English writers there is probably no man better equipped than Mr. Morley for an encyclopædic enterprise like this. His views are almost always sound, and being a devotee of no school his opinions are all the more to be trusted. The present volume contains much careful workmanship, and when complete, the work will be of the highest value to the student.

Mr. James John Hissey is indefatigable in book-making. He offers us many variations on the same theme. Being apparently a gentleman of both leisure and means he chooses to occupy his time by driving about England in coach and waggone. He notes all that he sees, and when he comes home gives to the public, with such literary skill as he can command, an account of the adventures of the last trip. "A Holiday on the Road" (R. Bentley and Son) is Mr. Hissey's most recent volume. This time his tastes led him into Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, and what he saw and what happened on the way, forms material enough for a large volume of four hundred pages. The book is as easy reading as the idliest subscriber to a circulating library could well demand. It is discursive and placid—at times dull; and in no recent volume have we seen platitudes more thickly scattered over the pages. But with all its feeblenesses the book is healthy, and not altogether uninteresting.

In "Other Suns than Ours" (W. H. Allen and Co.) Mr. Richard A. Proctor has edited a series of his scattered essays. He throws in two essays on "Whist," which seem a little out of place in an astronomical treatise. The essays on the suns are admirable, like all Mr. Proctor's work of this character; and they may be taken as, in a sense, carrying on the argument which he started, years ago, in "Other Worlds than Ours." It is late now to say anything in praise of Mr. Proctor as a popular writer on scientific subjects. In this domain he has no living rival. No man does precisely the same work in popularising for the great unscientific public the theories which men of science are slowly elaborating in their observations. The present work shows all his charm of style, and his mastery of lucid exposition.

Dr. Francis Richard Cruise is a Roman Catholic physician, who is an ardent admirer of the "Imitation of Christ." He has studied all that has been written about its great author, and to satisfy himself on many obscure points he took a journey to the Netherlands to study the localities connected with the life of the pious monk. The result is a large volume on "Thomas à Kempis" (Kegan Paul). It is not perhaps planned very judiciously, for Dr. Cruise has filled much of his space in reviving the old controversy as to the authorship of the "Imitation," and on this question he throws absolutely no new light. He merely repeats the old arguments, and in finally dismissing the claim of Gersen he merely arrives at the conclusion which all scholars had reached long ago. While, therefore, there is much in the book which might have been treated at less length, it cannot be denied that Dr. Cruise's book is a work of much research. He has not spared any pains to bring together all possible information bearing upon A Kempis and his work. He visited Kempen, Deventer, Zwolle, Agnetenberg, and Windesheim, and carefully examined all the relics of A Kempis. It does not appear that these were always much venerated or looked after, for Dr. Cruise was permitted to employ a locksmith to open the casket in which the bones and skull are kept. These he measured, and he came to the conclusion that Thomas à Kempis was about five feet six inches in height, and that his skull betokens great intellectual power. Throughout the book there are many notes, some of them of the greatest interest. Dr. Cruise has, indeed, done his work with the greatest care and enthusiasm.

Mr. Spencer Blackett has included in his "Standard Library" the "Memoirs of Jane Cameron, Female Convict," by F. W. Robinson. Mr. Robinson has paid great attention to prison life and discipline, and this book, which was originally published some four and twenty years ago, contains, under a thin veil of fiction, a substantially genuine and very sad story. It is to be hoped that the Jane Camerons of the present day, although cradled in criminality, have a better chance of escape now that the reformatory has, in the case of juvenile offenders, been substituted for the prison.

### THE CAMBRIDGE LENT RACES

AT last the dreary training in snow, wind, and frost is nearly over, and only one day intervenes before the Lent Races. The last course has been rowed amid the frantic expostulations and inarticulate directions of the coach, who, however, uses the first breath he can catch after "easy all" to say, "Well rowed, you men; you're safe to bump St. Crumplets if you row like that." This puts life into the crew, for first division men coaching second and third division boats are much more lavish with compliments than with compliments. The day before the races no hard work is done, and the afternoon is devoted to practising starts. At the shout "Go!"—which does duty for the starting gun—there is a mighty churning of the waters, and the foam is splashed high up to the vault of heaven, after the manner of the Homeric heroes. But the coach has an even greater contempt for Homer on the tow-path than in the lecture-room, so he shouts, "Easy all; try and get off a little quieter, or you'll drown cox before the end of the races." After repeated attempts, one or two fairly creditable starts are made, with very little splashing, but with a stroke pretty well caught at the beginning and steadily pulled through, and then the day's work is over.

The first-year man approaches the Lent Races with nervousness and inward tremors, for he looks upon them as the second step on the way to that thwart in the "Varsity" to which every good freshman aspires before sinking into the callous indifference of the second-year man. On the race days a promiscuous mob of racing eights, scratch eights, fours, pairs, and funnies sets out from the boat-houses, the scratch-boats ploughing along at their own sweet will, blundering into other boats, and displaying wonderful eccentricities of form. The boats engaged in the races paddle slowly down in short stages, the coach putting the finishing touches to his crew, and earnestly entreating them to reach out and keep it long, and to be a little sharper with the hands. At Baitbite the crews moor their boats to their respective stations and get out for a stretch, but not for long; the little gun stands ready, and there is a mighty comparing of stop-watches between the starter and the coaches.

The word to "get ready" is soon given, and blazers, jerseys, and comforters are tied up in a bundle and handed over to the college waterman. The minute gun is fired, and the boats push off into the river, the last turn is given to the screw of the stretcher, and each man braces himself for the effort. The cox with the rudder lines in his hands, and hanging on somehow to the rope that holds the boat to her station, has enough to do to keep the boat's head straight against the wind. "Paddle bow,"—"Half a stroke, two," breaks the silence of the last thirty seconds, and bow and two obey with their hearts thumping and a feeling as if all their wind were gone already. Only a few seconds are left. "Forward all!" cries the coach, standing by, stop-watch in hand to count the seconds. "Five, four, three, two, one." Bang goes the gun, the cox drops the rope, every man puts his back into it, and a sudden roar rises from the eager partisans on the bank. The post reach is all alive with competing boats, and level with each boat, a contingent of enthusiastic supporters run, shouting, "Well rowed! Well rowed!" and other words of encouragement that seem but an indistinct roar to the toilers on the river. The boats in front seem far away in

another world, in spite of the well-meant cries of "Now you're gaining!" But a man cannot help seeing out of the corner of his eye, without committing the crime of looking out of the corner of his eye, the crew behind are getting unpleasantly close. The mob on the bank is trebled; screams and yells take the place of "Well rowed!" encouraging the panting oarsmen. The nose of the boat behind gets nearer and nearer, and each man clenches teeth in desperation. Suddenly a slight rocking is felt, and the wash of the boat ahead beats on the bows, putting fresh strength into numbing arms and aching legs. Can we do it? Nearer and nearer creeps the nose of the boat behind; the shouting partisans of the three colleges are in one confused and scrambling mass on the bank, the wash on the bows grows stronger and stronger, the yells and howls increase, the three boats are almost touching; then, suddenly, the coach, who has reserved his wind for the crisis, raises a fearful yell that rises loud above the discord, "Now lift her, all! lift her!" The crew respond nobly to his voice; one last despairing effort, the last ounce put into every stroke, and then a slight shock runs through the boat, and frantic cheers of triumph rise from the bank. The boat is pulled hurriedly to the side, just clearing the pursuers, who sheer away baffled and disappointed of their bump, and with a boat behind pressing them hard for the rest of the course. There are no heroes like the heroes of a boat-race; men, Dons, and servants crowd round, shouting and congratulating, and when the last boat has gone by, the crew paddle home with their flag floating proudly in the stern, much more uplifted than if they had all been declared Senior Wranglers and Smith's prizemen.

J. W. P.



IN spite of numerous defects of the kind which are loosely, but quite intelligibly, summed up under the term amateurishness, "A Breton Maiden," by "A French Lady" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is exceedingly well worth reading, if only for the sake of the picturesque incidents with which the story is almost overcrowded. The period is that of the Great Revolution, of which the capacities for the purposes of fiction are still inexhaustible, yet which, strangely enough, has not often been followed by novelists, at least, by English novelists, into Brittany, where the conflict between old and new assumed its most pronounced and its most romantic form. In "A Breton Maiden" we are made to hear rather than to actually see the full rage of the storm which broke over so many simple and quiet lives. But it is not always so—as in that exceedingly striking scene, for example, of the secret mass celebrated after midnight amid a fleet of fishing-boats for want of a church; a scene described with befitting simplicity of pathos. Throughout the novel the local and characteristic colouring of a fascinating region is reproduced with exceptional absence of apparent artifice, and of the airs, usual in such cases, of the intelligent tourist or discoverer. The materials are so excellent, and the touch of the authoress so sympathetic, as to render it the more regrettable that she has failed to make the best of her story through ill-arrangement of a plot that required very careful construction and through overfilling a not very extensive stage. The interest is thus broken into episodes. Her portraiture is slight and sketchy, but excellent so far as it goes.

"From a Garret," by May Kendall (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), is a very charming little book indeed. Story it cannot be called; it is rather a collection, hung upon the slenderest of threads, of talks and incidents from the lives of a number of exquisitely-sketched persons accidentally brought together, from choice or necessity, in a poor neighbourhood of London. We should say that—quite apart from the title—May Kendall owes a considerable portion of her form and manner to everybody's old and early acquaintance, "Le Philosophe sous les Toits," and something of her spirit also. But her *dramatis personæ*, their experiences, and more especially the unconscious humour of their talk, with its piquant irony and frequent wisdom, are all her own; and if we compare her with Souvestre, it is by no means to the disadvantage of the English writer. The only adequate notice of her book would consist of unlimited quotation, which means that its merits speak so clearly for themselves that to read it is the only way of doing it justice. The only special quality required by the reader is some appreciation of irony. For the rest, it is eminently sympathetic and kindly, and written in a delicate and unaffected style as clear as day.

The title of Mr. William Sharp's "The Sport of Chance" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) scarcely strikes the keynote of a novel which is really the story of a number of people who were the sport of their own craziness, or wickedness, or stupidity. It contains three shipwrecks, all under exceptionally sensational circumstances; the sufferings of a boat's crew, with episodes of lunacy and an attempt at cannibalism; the now frequent incident of a man's forgetting his own identity—in this case for eighteen years; a wife who goes mad, thinks her husband wants to murder her child, and nearly perishes on a mud-bank in the Mersey; the ancient mistake, on the part of a husband, of his wife's brother for her lover; and a villain of the first class, who commits several forgeries; one murder by stabbing; one by poison; several attempts at murder; one arson; one burglary; and minor offences against law and morals past counting—and who, except in the case of the two murders (and those were blunders), makes a mess of them all. It will have been gathered that the plot is intricate; and so it is, most decidedly. There is little originality about the incidents or characters, but there is any quantity of both, in ceaseless activity, except when Mr. Sharp pauses to make the birds sing, or to rest himself and his readers with a piece of word-painting. The novel certainly has its merits as a piece of old-fashioned melodrama, with no compromise about the colouring, and no pedantic nicety about construction or style.

Of "Mad or Married?" (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.) Mr. Hugh Coleman Davidson tells us in a preface that the main incidents upon which it is founded were told him by a relative as true. All we can say is that if Mr. Davidson's relative was not bent on getting a rise out of an author in search of plot, the novel affords additional support to the theory that fiction has no business to compete with truth in the matter of improbability. We will not spoil the effect of this unprecedentedly strange story by suggesting its nature. Interesting it cannot be called, because the story is not made to seem true; and without an appearance of truth it is hardly worth telling for its own merits. Still it is calculated to excite curiosity and speculation on the part of connoisseurs in dreams who accept the assurances of Mr. Davidson's relative.

Francis Addison, in "An Adventuress" (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), rivals Mr. Sharp in the matter of crime, but of a more romantic order. The novel opens with a double murder combined with robbery and arson, and as it begins so it goes on. The credulity of the characters is touching, so that the machinations of villainy are rendered exceptionally easy. While the story rivals Mr. Sharp's in its melodramatic aspect, it nearly outdoes Mr. Coleman's in unlikelihood; and so far it must be regarded as out of the common. Its construction, however, leaves a good deal to be desired. We cannot help imagining that Mr. Addison ventured upon his story without much notion about what it was going to be, and omitted to revise the beginning by the light of the middle and the end. A little more care would have resulted in the production of a fairly amusing ultra-sensational story.





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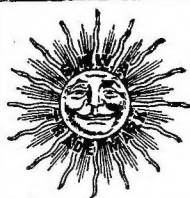
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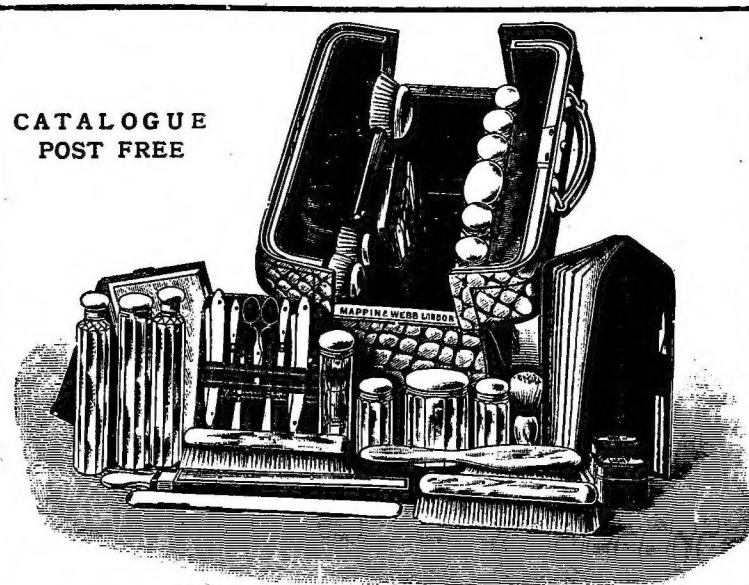
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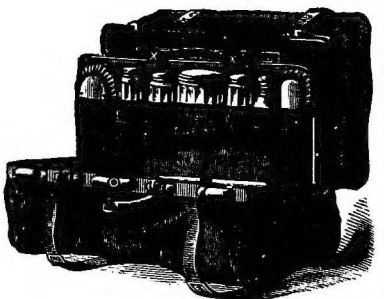
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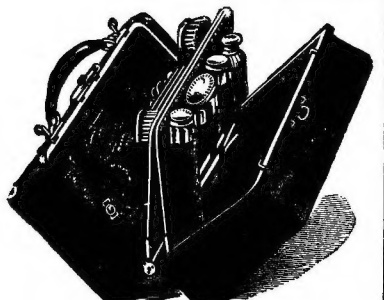
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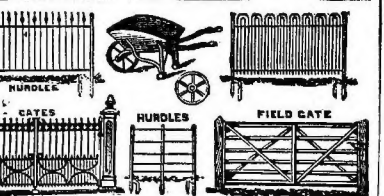
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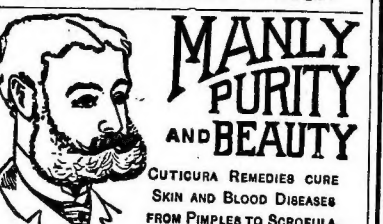
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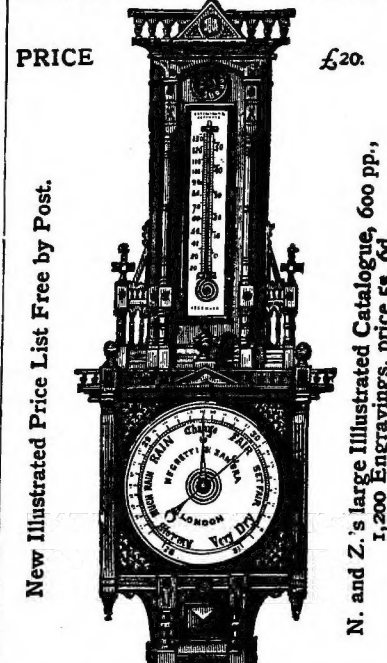
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